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A Book
OF
BRISTOL SONNETS.



H.D. RAWNSLEY.







A BOOK
OF
BRISTOL SONNETS.

EARLIEST COMMON SEAL OF BRISTOL.

The privilege of using the Seal, a copy of which is stamped on the outside of this Book, was first conceded to the Burgesses of Bristol by Edward I., as Lord of the Castle, 1275-1280. The Seal as shewn is supposed to represent the Castle gate as it then was.

The obverse represents the water gate of the ancient Castle. A lofty arch, surmounted by an embattled parapet, spans the Castle ditch.

Upon this stands a man who beckons to an approaching ship, rigged with single mast and sail.

A pilot on board steers the vessel by means of a rude plank rudder projected from the side.

The legend round it runs thus :

"**SECRETI CLAVIS SUM PORTUS**
NAVITA NAVIS PORTAM CUSTODIT
PORTUM VIGIL INDICE PRODIT"—

I am the key of the secret port. A sailor (i.e., a Bristol pilot) is taking care that the ship enters the water gate. A warder is pointing out the port (the Castle creek) with his forefinger.

This curious device probably refers to an event of the year 1275, when Edward I., then at war with Llewellyn Prince of Wales, held his court in the Bristol Castle.

Almerike de Montfort, one of the exiled family of the great Earl of Leicester, was bringing his sister Eleanor from France to give her in marriage to Prince Llewellyn.

In the Channel they were overtaken by a Burgess of Bristol in his vessel laden with wines.

He demanded of them who they were and whither bound, and by stratagem misdirected their voyage, so that the maiden and her escort, with marriage furniture, monies, etc., found themselves entrapped into the "secret port or creek" of the Bristol Castle.—See Sonnet III.

Edward I. congratulated the Burgesses upon so acceptable a prize, and allowed the event to be commemorated on their Common Seal.

The captive Lady Eleanor was detained a prisoner in Bristol Castle for three years, and was entreated with all courtesy. Finally, when Prince Leoline—Llewellyn—was reconciled to Edward I., she was liberated, and marrying him in 1278, died the following year.—See DALLAWAY'S *Antiquities of Bristol*.

A BOOK
OR
BRISTOL SONNETS.

BY
H. D. RAWNSLEY, B.A.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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APTRon21

TO
Edward Thring,
WITH THE
GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION
OF AN
OLD PUPIL.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Book has little to recommend it, and asks no praise. But it is believed that it will fill a want here in Bristol, where men are so actively engaged, and oftentimes so wearied, in their business, that they may be glad to have some such thoughts suggested to them.

This is little more than a hand-book of such suggestions jotted down at odd moments.

And as the writer has often, when gazing on an object or scene, wished that a thought could be given him to seal that object in his memory, he deems it not improbable that there are others of like need with himself among the lovers of their old City and its neighbourhood.

In conclusion, a debt of thanks is due to all the Local Historians, past and present; notably to Barrett, Seyer, Dallaway, Garrard, Chilcott,

Corrie and Evans, Pryce, J. Taylor, and J. F. Nicholls. The Author cannot but express a wish that the Notes appended to these Sonnets may induce a reader, here and there, to dive further into these books for himself; and so, learning to reverence what is honourable in the past, live more nobly in the present.

CONTENTS.

	<small>PAGE.</small>
BRISTOL OF TO-DAY	1
A DREAM OF ANCIENT BRISTOL	2
ELEANOR DE MONTFORT IN BRISTOL CASTLE	4
BRISTOL CASTLE AND THE TRAM-CARS.	5
ST. JOHN'S GATE.	6
ST. JOHN'S CONDUIT, NELSON STREET.	8
THE FORT, BRISTOL	9
BRISTOL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE	10
MOTHER PUGSLEY'S FIELD, NINE-TREE HILL	12
ON NOTICING THAT THE ONLY LIME TREE NOT IN BUD, AT COLLEGE GREEN, FRONTED THE CATHEDRAL PORCH	14
ON HEARING THE ORGAN IN THE CATHEDRAL WHILE THE WORK IN THE NAVE WAS SUSPENDED.	15
SPIRE OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, FROM PRINCE'S BRIDGE	16
ST. MARY REDCLIFFE	17
CHATTERTON.	18
"TEMPORA MUTANTUR. JEFFERIES' BOOK-SHOP	19
THE OAK CHAMBER AT JEFFERIES', REDCLIFFE STREET	20
ST. STEPHEN'S TOWER, AS SEEN FROM THE JUNCTION OF PRINCE'S STREET AND MARSH STREET	22
ST. WERBURGH'S TOWER	24
ST. JAMES' CHURCHYARD	26
ON HEARING ST. MATTHEW'S PEAL	28
CLIFTON HILL. CLIFTON PARISH CHURCH	29
CLIFTON COLLEGE CHAPEL. THE SUNDAY OF RETURN TO SCHOOL.	30
SERMON IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL. "WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT." FEBRUARY 6TH, 1876	31
FLAVEL COOK V. JENKINS. APRIL 1ST, 1876	32

	PAGE.
FLAVEL COOK v. JENKINS. A WALK BY CHRIST CHURCH ON THE EVENING OF THE VERDICT	33
SUNDAY IN BRISTOL	34
ON HEARING THE BIRDS SING, ASH WEDNESDAY MORNING	35
GOOD FRIDAY IN BRISTOL. 1876	36
ON HEARING BELLS ON EASTER MORNING	37
WHIT MONDAY, FROM ASHLEY HILL	38
HARVEST THANKSGIVING AT ST. BARNABAS'. SEPTEMBER 5, 1876	39
SITE OF THE ANCIENT HIGH CROSS	40
RICHARD SAVAGE; OR, IN FRONT OF ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL BURIAL REGISTER, A.D. 1743, RICHARD SAVAGE, THE POET	42
ARNO'S VALE CEMETERY	43
THE CRIPPLES' HOME, 34, RICHMOND TERRACE, CLIFTON	44
"LITTLE JOHNNY," AT THE CRIPPLES' HOME	45
THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL	46
IN MEMORIAM. JOHN CHIDDY	47
BRISTOL SMOKE IN EARLY MORNING. OCTOBER	48
A CALM EVENING, FROM ASHLEY HILL	49
BRISTOL BY GASLIGHT, FROM ASHLEY HILL	50
A MARCH DAY, ON ASHLEY HILL, LOOKING DOWN ON BRISTOL	51
MÜLLER'S ORPHANAGE, ASHLEY DOWN	52
PLUCKING DAISIES; OR, THE ORPHANAGE AT THE FOOT OF ASHLEY HILL	53
THE RED MAIDS' SCHOOL	54
MRS. FRY VISITING NEWGATE	55
A VIEW OF BRISTOL, EARLY IN THE MORNING, FROM PUB-DOWN. "GOD IS IN THE MIDST OF HER, THEREFORE SHALL SHE NOT BE REMOVED"	56
THE HOOTHE, OR STREAM-HORN, HEARD AT DUCHESS' WOODS	57
A SERVICE OF SONG IN DUCHESS' PARK, ON A MAY MORNING	58

	PAGE.
THE MONUMENT AT DUCHESS' WOODS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF LADY ELIZABETH'S DEATH	59
DEATH OF A PARISHIONER. A WALK TO THE DUCHESS' WOODS FROM BAPTIST MILLS, ON A MAY MORN	60
ASHTON CLUMP AND LANSDOWN	61
ASHTON COURT	62
THE BLAST-FURNACE AT ASHTON IRON WORKS	63
DUNDRY TOWER	64
THE KNOTTED ELM, AT ABBOT'S LEIGH	65
THE CHURCHYARD GATE, AT ABBOT'S LEIGH	66
SUNSET AT ABBOT'S LEIGH	67
HAM GREEN; OR, REFLECTION	68
EARLY MORN AND EVENTIDE, IN LEIGH WOODS	69
ON FINDING THE WILD STRAWBERRY, IN NIGHTINGALE VALLEY. APRIL 3	70
THE NIGHTINGALE IN NIGHTINGALE VALLEY	71
BOWEE WALL AND STOKESLEIGH CAMPS	72
CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE	73
TO A THRUSH, HEARD ON CLIFTON DOWN IN A JANUARY MIST	74
THE POWER OF SPRING; OR, ON ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS	75
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION; OR, THE JACKDAWS ABOVE GHYSTON CAVE	76
DANDELIONS AND DAISIES ON THE DOWNS; OR, JEALOUSY	77
CLEMATIS IN LEAF ON THE DOWNS	78
MAY-DAY, IN SNEYD PARK WOODS	79
THE SEA WALL; AFTER RETURNING FROM SWITZERLAND	80
GOSSAMERS ON THE DOWN	81
SELFISHNESS; OR, QUIET ON THE DOWNS	82
THE EAGLE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, CLIFTON	83
HANNIBAL, THE LION IN THE CLIFTON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS	84
TUMBLER PIGEONS, OVER BRISTOL	85
TRUE LOVE; OR, IN ST. JUDE'S	86
THE FIRST SWALLOW, SEEN APRIL 10, ON THE BANKS OF THE FROOME	87
THE GREAT FIRE IN CHRISTMAS STREET. 1876	88

	PAGE.
ON THE DRAWBRIDGE	89
ONE OF THE TOLZEY TABLES, CORN STREET	90
THE DEMERARA'S FIGURE-HEAD. THE GIANT SAVAGE OPPOSITE THE STONE BRIDGE, QUAY HEAD	92
GAMES FOR WORKING MEN. A PLEA	93
REVIVAL OF THE SUGAR TRADE. FINZEL'S MANUFACTORY	94
WILLS' MANUFACTORY, REDCLIFFE STREET, THE POR- TRAIT GALLERY OF OLD SERVANTS IN	96
ON THE QUAY: THE LUMPER, OR CORN-RUNNER	97
THE LIGHTS AT THE HARBOUR MOUTH, AS SEEN FROM THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE	98
OUTWARD BOUND. SUNDAY, EARLY SPRING	99
HOMEWARD BOUND. MIDSUMMER	100
AVONMOUTH DOCKS, BEFORE THEIR COMPLETION, 1876.	101
ON SEEING TWO VESSELS (CUTTER-RIGGED) PASSING ONE ANOTHER AT AVONMOUTH	102
THE DYING GLADIATOR, BY CTESILAUS. A CAST IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MUSEUM, BRISTOL	104
EDWARD COLETON	105
COLSTON HONOURED; OR, TRUE CONSERVATISM	106
ORPHEUS GLEE SOCIETY. COLSTON HALL	107
CORALS AND CORAL ISLANDS, THE STRIKES, LECTURE BY DR. DUNCAN. COLSTON HALL, MARCH 6, 1876	108
TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, IN COLSTON HALL	109
DR. MOFFAT; OR, THE LONDON MISSION MEETING, AT COLSTON HALL, SEPTEMBER 22, 1876	110
THE SATURDAY ORGAN RECITAL IN THE COLSTON HALL CHORUS FROM THE FALL OF BABYLON. BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1876	111
MADLLE. ALBANI, AT BRISTOL FESTIVAL, 1876	112
THE BLACK HELIBORE (CHRISTMAS ROSE) AT DOWN HOUSE	113
TO A RED ROSE, GROWING AT ASHLEY GRANGE	114
NAN'S WALK	115
CARTER'S LANE, PORTBURY	116
BUMOUR OF WAR, JUNE, 1876. KINGSWESTON	117
	118

CONTENTS.

xiii.

	PAGE
GOBLIN COMBE	120
SCENE FROM SKITTIN HILL, HENBURY	121
VIEW OF HENBURY PLAIN, FROM FERN HILL	122
INFANCY; OR, GOING TO THE NEW PASSAGE	123
BOYHOOD; OR, THE FERRY AT THE NEW PASSAGE	124
MIDDLE AGE; OR, AT TINTERN ABBEY	125
OLD AGE COMING ON; OR, AT TINTERN ABBEY	126
DEATH; OR, THE LENNOX SPRING, BETWEEN MOSS COTTAGE AND TINTERN	128
CHEPSTOW CASTLE	130
THE WYND-CLIFF, ON AN APRIL DAY	131
THE MOSS COTTAGE, AT THE WYND-CLIFF	132
ON DESCENDING THE WYND-CLIFF, BY THE STEPS, TO THE MOSS COTTAGE	133
TINTERN ABBEY	134
TYNDALE'S PILLAR, AT NIBLEY KNOLL	135
THE DRAKESTONE EDGE	136
BERKELEY CASTLE	138
WARLEIGH, NEAR BATH	139
THE BRISTOL MISSION OF 1877. ON HEARING THAT FUNDS WERE NEEDED FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE CATHEDRAL	140
OLD CLEVEDON CHURCHYARD, WITH STEEP AND FLAT HOLMES IN THE DISTANCE	141
TENNYSON AT CLEVEDON	142
THE THREE PICTURES OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST IN THE BILLIARD ROOM AT LEIGH COURT	143
THE OPENING OF THE AVONMOUTH DOCKS, FEBRUARY 24, 1877	144

ERRATA.

Page 6.—“St. John’s Gate,” Lines 8, 9 :

“And youth spells out the eighty Fathers’ fate.
Bid by the years that speak with voiceless words,”

Pages 32, 33.—“*Jenkins v. Flavel Cook.*”

Page 42.—“Richard Savage,” Line 9 :

“What he learnt in *halls.*”

Page 80.—“The Sea Wall,” Line 6 :

“*Where* God sits glorified.”

Page 83.—“The *Blind* Eagle, at the Zoological Gardens,”
insert Line 8 :

“In blindness cheated of his mountain throne.”

Page 87.—“The First Swallow,” Line 4 :

“On the sooty edges of the Town.”

ST. WERBURGH'S TOWER—pp. 24, 25.

Since going to press, the Town Council, on Tuesday, Feb. 13, generously reversed their decision of Dec. 5, and the Tower of Saint Werburgh's will probably be allowed to remain, a monument of beauty for future generations.

A BOOK OF
BRISTOL SONNETS.

BRISTOL OF TO-DAY.

No more through prayerful gardens glides the
Frome;
The steam-gods, perched upon their pillars high,
Patch with their breath the weary, worn-out sky;
Hill sides are white with smoke, not apple-bloom;
A red sun glares through the perpetual gloom;
Men stay not now to ask who passes by;
From the vexed Avon ever comes the cry
Of anxious steamers, questioning — “Is there
room ? ”
The white sails mix, and move from street to
street;
The quays are coloured with the dust of ware;
Whole nations at the landing-places meet;
And foreign cargoes perfume all the air:
Only at night men hear the loud clocks’ beat!
Only at night men feel that God is there!

A DREAM OF ANCIENT BRISTOL.

ALONG the high-housed Bristow Bridge¹ has past
Cannynge, his stern-cut features filled with care !
God ! how he smiles !—the breathless courier
Proclaims his cog,² “The Catherine,”³ home at
last !

Let cannons shout, let flags be all out cast,
With new found land Sebastian is here !⁴
The Brandon hermit⁵ pauses in his prayer,
To bless Saint Matthew, and “The Matthew’s”
mast.

Great ladies, down the river gardens, talk
Of fresh-come Flanders wool⁶ and Bristol frieze.
Cowled monks in yonder sloping orchards walk,
Or shred the blossoms for their rosaries ;
While Botoner,⁷ with calculating stalk,
Measures the street, steps out the Priories.

NOTES TO "A DREAM OF ANCIENT BRISTOL."

¹ The old bridge was built in 1247, with rows of houses upon it on either side, supported by small gothic arches. An engraving of it is still extant in Barrett's "Bristol."

² The old name for a merchant vessel, here in Bristol.

³ According to William of Worcester, "The Catherine" was of 140 tons burthen; she was one of Cannynge's ten ships.

⁴ Sebastian, with his father, John Cabot, in the spring of 1497, sailed from Bristol in a ship called "The Matthew." On the 24th of June they discovered Newfoundland, S. John's, and the continent of North America.

⁵ The Hermitage dedicated to S. Brendan on the summit of Brandon Hill existed till 1565.

⁶ Edward III., in 1354, finding the wool staple had been carried to Flanders, re-established the trade here in Bristol, with all its rights and liberties. Edward Blanket, representative of the city in 1362; and his relatives, Edmund and Thomas, distinguished themselves as manufacturers of the article that still bears their name.

⁷ The topographer, Botoner, better known as William of Worcester, was born on Saint James' Back, 1415, died 1484. He was author of "The Itineraries," a survey of Bristol, full of the most accurate measurements. His Memoranda were discovered in the Library of Benet's College, Cambridge, and deciphered by Nasmyth in 1773.

ELEANOR DE MONTFORT¹

IN BRISTOL CASTLE.

FAIR Eleanor! how like to some fair thought
From its sweet purpose rudely snatched away,
With full wings entering the wished-for bay,
And there by churlish pirates spied and caught!
Though to captivity and silence brought,
And marred by noises, yet there comes a day
When, grown more perfect in its long delay,
From very chains a freer end is wrought!
For thou to thine espousèd Prince didst steer,
Thy quick sighs sped the lover-hearted sails,
Thy grey eyes gladder for the grey of Wales,
When rude men caught and rowed thee captive
here!

But, grown to lovelier grace by Avon's side,
The doors did homage as they hailed thee—
“Bride!”

¹ Eleanor de Montfort, betrothed to Llewellyn, last Prince of Wales; taken prisoner when on her passage to Wales in 1275; imprisoned in Bristol Castle. Edward I. liberated her, and attended her wedding.

BRISTOL CASTLE AND THE TRAM-
CARS.

MEMORIALS of the green immortal past,
How full of strength and quietness they are !
The broken altar, and the dungeon bar,
With love and fear still keep their stronghold fast..
But on thy terraces the shops are massed ;
Wheel-needles click¹ where clicked the locks of
war ;
Unswerving rolls the jingling tramway car
Where horses pranced and knights were saddle-
cast.
In the broad meads whole holiday prevails,
The king² looks on from his accustomed place ;
Safe, for thy towers, sleek merchants show their
bales ;
And grey friars amble in with easy pace !
While we, regretful, swifter hours must race,
From street to street, along the iron rails !

¹ "Wheel-needles" refers to the sewing machines, whose incessant clicking may be heard in the factories and shops.

² Richard II., who came, with all his ladies and the court, to Bristol in the spring of 1387, and held high festivities.

ST. JOHN'S GATE.

WHEN the Seventh Henry¹ met beneath this gate
Those kirtled maidens from the banks of Frome ;
And, with high phrase and pageant wearisome,
Elizabeth² heard the brave boy-champions prate ;
Brennus³ above in solemn cloaked state
Sat, and shall sit, though wind and weather come,
As long as grey-beards tell the sack⁴ of Rome,
And youth spells out the eighty Fathers' fate,
Bid by the years that speak with voiceless words.
Portcullis up ! The doors are open wide ;
But, deep in earth, behold on either side,
Framed like the cross, twin giant-hasted swords ;
And they who pass thy towered portals feel
Christ wins by love what mortals grasp with
steel.⁵

NOTES TO "ST. JOHN'S GATE."

¹ Henry VII., in 1487, was met at this gate by a pageant of many "mayden children, richly besene with girdels, beds (beads), and onches." *v. Taylor's "Bristol,"* p. 134.

² Elizabeth, on her passage through Bristol, in August, 1574, was addressed by three boys, severally representing salutation, gratulation, and obedient good-will. They were attired as knights, and must have wearied her Majesty by the length and mock heroism of their wretched verses. See Corrie & Evans, p. 354.

³ The weather-worn statues on either side Saint John's Arch are supposed to represent Brennus and Belinus, sons of Dunwallo, an early king of Britain, the reputed founders of the city. Of Eulogium Historiarum, 1366 A.D., "Brennus civitatem condidit in occidentali parte Britanniae, et eam nomine suo appella scilicet Brenston; nunc vero per syncopen Bristow vocitatur." Vol. II., p. 242.

⁴ Brennus, B.C. 390, crossed the Apennines, defeated the Romans, and marched upon Rome. The eighty Fathers (senators) sat silent in their robes of office in the senate louse; and Brennus and his Gauls were so awe-struck by their majestic appearance that they deemed them the gods of Rome. A Gaul stretched out his hand and stroked the beard of one of the Fathers, named Papyrius, who struck the insolent soldier with his staff. The man smote him dead; and a general massacre ensued. Livy's account is familiar to every schoolboy.

⁵ A large ransom was offered by the Romans; the Gauls, bringing false balances, the former remonstrated, whereupon Brennus arrogantly flung his sword into the scale, exclaiming—"Vae victis!"

ST. JOHN'S CONDUIT, NELSON STREET.

BUSIED we pass this side life's weary wall,
Nor know what eyes their tearful watches keep
Till we approach to our unending sleep,
And hear the sob, and feel the hot tears fall !
So, in this street, with roar perpetual,
The swift car rattles, and the wagons creep ;
And though a fountain's eyes continual weep,
Till the night's hush we know it not at all.
Say, merchant, built in that laborious round,
That Give and Take, we men call business,
Can there, at all, a heart's fountain be found
So full of kind and lasting gratefulness ?
Then thank Saint John for its refreshful boon,
Its lilyed dragons, and its swinging spoon !

THE FORT, BRISTOL.

WHEN this rebellious city closed the gate,
Though Fiennes¹ braggart words were unfulfilled,
Here Ashton turned, here Rupert's steed was killed,²
And many a sturdy kingsman met his fate ;
Mortals may lose, but nature keeps the date !
In elms, that sucked the blood which rebels spilled,
The Round-head rocks their swinging batteries build,
And man their forts, with boasts and loud debate !
They have no need of royalty, these birds,
These Black Republicans ! They but obey
Wild impulse ; and discuss with equal words
The change and chances of a single day !
Self-ruling men, who care what morrows bring,
Forget their God when they forsake their king !

¹ Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, during the Civil Wars, was the parliamentary governor in this city. When Prince Rupert attacked the place, he boasted that "a flag of truce should be his winding-sheet!" But as soon as the Royalists effected an entrance, he made a cowardly surrender !

² Sir Arthur Ashton, leading the assault, on Wednesday, July 27th, 1643, on the Fort, then called Windmill Fort, was repulsed, owing to want of faggots to fill the trench ; and Prince Rupert, while rallying his men at this point, had his horse shot under him.

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

GREEN Brandon Hill, thy hermit passed away,
He left the harmlessness that loved his cell ;
In the gun's mouth the sparrow leaves her shell,
And boy-canaries¹ round the battery play !
But if thy cannon flash not for the fray,
And pikemen² hide not in thy ferny dell,
Embattled³ on thy side doth Learning dwell,
And "Oxford"⁴ is the signal-cry to-day ;
For Wisdom's hermitage⁵ on Isis' shore
Has reached a hand of quiet to the town ;
The men that bear the hod may wear the gown,
And science learned may ease the load they bore,
While safe behind such fortress they will frown
Death to brute force, in silence, as of yore.



NOTES TO "BRISTOL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE."

¹ "Boy-canaries." Effect produced by the boys of the Elizabeth School, playing in their yellow hose and canary coloured coat linings.

² "Pikemen." On Monday, July 25, 1643, at the siege of Bristol, Colonel Wentworth sent Thelwall, with two hundred pikemen, to lodge himself at the bottom of Brandon Hill, where he was well sheltered by ferns and bushes.—*Cr. TAYLOR on Bristol.*

³ An allusion to the embattled parapets of the Queen Elizabeth's School, on the slope of Brandon Hill.

⁴ On Tuesday, July 26, 1643, it was determined, in council of war, that Prince Rupert should storm the city on all sides, the following day, the signal-cry to be "Oxford!"

⁵ "Wisdom's hermitage on Isis' shore." Balliol and New College, Oxford, have promised to give a large sum for five years to further the aims of the Bristol University College.

MOTHER PUGSLEY'S FIELD,
NINE-TREE HILL.

LONG since those widowed elms have ceased to shade,
But the Nine Muses still are honoured here ! ¹
Slain by the ruthless Round-head cannonier,
Here Pugsley fell ; ² and was with honour laid.
Here, while the city worked, a widow prayed ; ³
While gay crowds laughed, a widow dropped a tear ;
Till borne with music, and with wedding cheer,
Of their two dusts again was marriage made !
Our paths are harder ; down the way we tread,
No maidens scatter rosemary and rue !
But still at times the marriage-bells are true,
And ring their joys o'er the remembered dead :
Still, though oft grief is paid as soon as due,
Blind Death but consecrates the marriage bed !

NOTES TO "MOTHER PUGSLEY'S FIELD."

¹ Nine-Tree Hill, at the north end of Stokes' Croft, was so called from nine elms, that stood on the knoll.

² Hard by, the ground, now Fremantle Square, was within memory called "Mother Pugsley's Field." Pugsley, the possessor of it, was an officer in Prince Rupert's army. He met his death upon it by a shot from Montpelier.

³ His widow, a very beautiful lady, true to his memory, erected a hut over his grave here; and, when season permitted, came and watched over the ground so consecrate to his life and death. She lived to eighty years of age; and was buried, in accordance with her will, wrapped in her wedding sheets; two maidens strewing the way before her bier with sweet herbs, and a fiddler playing before her corpse.

ON NOTICING THAT THE ONLY LIME
TREE¹ NOT IN BUD, AT COLLEGE
GREEN, FRONTED THE CATHEDRAL
PORCH.

MAY 1st, 1876.

To THAT Cathedral square heart-sick I came
When first the limes made summer in mid-sky ;
One, unadorned with her green tracery,
Fronted the porch, where weeps unhappy Fame.
Hast thou felt Envy's chill, and blows that maim ?
Did thy blood freeze when crashed the statuary ?
Or dost withhold thy veil, that passers by,
Whose hearts can love not, yet may blush for shame ?
Sad sister of this green-encircling row,
Thou art too noble for such petty strife !
It is that from thy youth two streams of life²
Have sucked subsistence from one heart below.
Ensample thou to our too factious time,
Which, while men stand apart, puts off Christ's
earlier prime !

¹ The point of observation was from the bottom of Park Street.

² This tree, unlike its neighbours, is bifurcated. This would possibly account for its lateness in bud.

ON HEARING THE ORGAN IN THE
CATHEDRAL, WHILE THE WORK IN
THE NAVE WAS SUSPENDED.

I HEARD the soft, appealing organ blown
Faint as from distance, and unseen more sweet;
The half-hewn niche, the pillar incomplete,
As when with lute Amphion moved the stone,
Seemed led to fuller blossom by its tone !
No saw nor hammer rang ; no carver's seat
Neighoured the massy blocks ; no workman's feet
Had printk the dust wherewith the aisles are
strown !

Turn, happy Time ! In silence set and planned
Rose God's huge House, that wasted Lebanon :
And here, untouched by builder's noisy hand,
Tall pillars grow, the work goes smoothly on ;—
Then crashed the chords, jarred man's discordant
tongue ;
To the bewildered earth the helpless boulders
clung !

SPIRE OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE,
FROM PRINCE'S BRIDGE.

By spar and shroud, with their untutored hands,
The vessels write their names upon the sky !
Their sails, the careful seamen spread to dry,
Seem April clouds entangled in the strands !
A multitude from multitudinous lands
Lay, prow to prow, their nations' variance by :—
And, queen of masts among the forestry,
Sun-white, Saint Mary's Spire in beauty stands !
Ship of the Church, these vessels will not stay,
For prize, fresh winds, new venture, will be gone ;
Unlading at thine anchorage alway,
Though rough tides threaten, still thou holdest
on ;
Not bartering Truth for beads and trumpery ;
Thy cargo—Reason, Love, Eternity !

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

QUEEN of the western land, for so we name
Thy carven splendours, whose majestic pile
The mounded waters with their masts en-isle,
Where Cabot worshipped, and where Cannynge
came !

If, in old days, the envious lightning flame
Crashed down thy spire,¹ and smote to dust the aisle,
To-day from frowning Heaven is forced a smile.
Set on her aeriest throne shines golden fame ;
Few years, and they that honour thee are gone ;
The breath of panting mills thy fairness grimes ;
But, by his chest,² laborious Chatterton
Kneels in thy porch, immortal to all times ;
And, fresh from battle with the murderous sea,
The sailor thanks his God, and rests by thee.

¹ Spire struck by lightning, 1445 ; rebuilded, and completed May 10th, 1872—on which occasion the Mayor (W. Proctor Baker, Esq.) and his wife ascended to the capstone of the new spire during a violent thunder-storm, which passed off before the feat was completed.

² “ But, by his chest ”—Chatterton worked at his old English by deciphering manuscripts in a muniment chest in the north porch.

CHATTERTON.

THOU gavest birth, the child to thee gave fame,
Flesh of thy flesh, and of thy bones a bone ;
And, wearing all the laurels that he won,
Thou dost his memory's heritage disclaim,
Unnatural mother ! What injustice came
To bid thee so expel thy brilliant son—¹
A nameless stock—that they who pass the stone
On the blank scroll² read Redclife's burning
shame ?
His deep-set melancholy eyes the North³
Makes chill ; but chiller thy cold-heartedness,
Which, envying Death, who succoured his distress,
Hath cast this unoffending image forth ;
And, in its ignorance, hath scorned his worth,
Whom God with immortality doth bless !

¹ The monument of Chatterton, erected in 1840, was first placed inside the Church of Saint Mary Redcliffe, under the tower: but it has since been removed to a piece of unconsecrated ground near the churchyard, owing to religious scruple.

² He holds an open scroll, with no name or title written on it.

³ This refers to the position of the statue, that now is set facing the North winds.

“TEMPORA MUTANTUR.” JEFFERIES’
BOOK-SHOP.

WHERE once with solemn phrase the royal guest
Looked on the ships, and re-arranged the tolls,¹
The cylinder with slide and swing unrolls
Ten thousand mandates, while the printers jest !
And where grey Cannynge, Bristol’s merchant priest,
Prayed in his chapel ² for his children’s souls,³
Some mortal author, lo, the sage extols !
The cheap book-bargain, not his God, is blessed !
But under Heaven we change as in a dream !
Glad in his hall would Cannynge entertain
The swift tongued counsellors, whose breath is steam,
Who send their thoughts to post o’er land and main ;
And, though the book-shelf hides, the calf-skin binds,
Would welcome at his prayers such sympathetic minds.

¹ In the seventh year of Edward IV., the Merchant-Venturers petitioned for confirmation of their prerogatives, and their ordinances were renewed.

² This part of Cannynge’s old house is now converted into a large book-shop.

³ Cannynge lost both of his sons in early life; and it has been thought that their death influenced him in no small degree in his retirement from trade, and entrance into the priesthood. He died, Dean of Westbury, November 7th, 1474.

THE OAK-CHAMBER AT JEFFERIES',
REDCLIFFE STREET.

TRUNK-HOSED, as now, that day¹ Sir Baldwin²
died,

From his quaint-carven chimney, Solomon
Shamed cruel Edward as he looked thereon ;
His royal justice did the rash king chide.
In the same room must ye your faces hide,
Ye cannot gaze on your precocious son ;³
For the mute pleading lips of Chatterton
At once ask bread, and tell of bread denied !
Does it to wood and canvas so belong
To touch the hearts of servants and of kings ?
Can the untutored hand of art be strong
To raise the blush for sad forgotten things ?
Yes, round the rudest monument there clings
The power to bless, the might to curse the wrong.

NOTES TO "THE OAK CHAMBER AT JEFFERIES,
REDCLIFFE STREET."

¹ 1461.

² Cf. Chatterton's "Lay of Sir Baudwin." Sir Baldwin Fulford had given his bond to Henry VI., that he would take the life of the Earl of Warwick, who was then plotting Henry's dethronement.

King Edward IV., coming to Bristol in September, 1461, with a cruel and summary vengeance, had Sir Baldwin executed at the High Cross. Edward was staying with Cannynge at the time.

"Trunk-hosed," etc., refers to the carven chimney-piece in Cannynge's house, wherein King Solomon is represented as sitting in trunk-hose, in the act of giving judgment between "the two mothers."

³ In the same room, and opposite the fire-place, hangs a portrait of young Chatterton.

ST. STEPHEN'S TOWER,
AS SEEN FROM THE JUNCTION OF PRINCE'S
STREET AND MARSH STREET.

THE sailors lounge along the City Wall,
Old Shipward's Tower stands strong upon her feet,¹
Gladly their eyes the city's emblem ² greet
High in her crown,—the masts of bluff King Hal;
Though these have lost that ancient coronal,
These Argoes, making forest of the street,
Their crownless masts as strong a tempest meet,
Their taper sceptres rule as fierce a gale.
Hark to her bells! ³ how merrily they play!
Their voices change not in an hundred years.
Nor blame your Church because, to suit the day,
She shifts at all the tackling that she wears,
For Christ is standing on her deck alway;
Truth is her compass, love the course she steers.

NOTES TO "ST. STEPHEN'S TOWER."

¹ This Tower, built by Shipward, a wealthy merchant, who was Mayor of Bristol, 1455, is remarkable for its entire absence of buttresses.

² The Tower is crowned with latticed battlements and pinnacles, which give the effect—1st. Of the castle, as seen in the City's seal; 2nd. Of the heavy "crows' nests" for fighting men, with which "The Great Harry" is represented as being armed.

³ The Guild of Saint Stephen's Ringers is of old foundation. The earliest copy of its ordinances, whose original was earlier, bears date 1620. The Articles and Decrees, thirty in number, are still read at the annual meeting of the Company, Nov. 17th.

"None shall be of the said Society but those that be of honest, peaceable, and good conversation."

All must accept challenges, or defend allegations made against the Company, with intent not only to stop the mouths of those that shall exasperate themselves against them, but to gain reputation by their musical exercise; so that others of their rich neighbours, hearing these loud cymbals with their ears, may, by the sweet harmony thereof, be enlarged in their hearts to pull one string to make it more sweet.

ST. WERBURGH'S TOWER.

BUILT IN 1385. *TO BE PULLED DOWN IN 1877.*

Not for themselves they built, the men who
reared,
Bristol, thy strange magnificence of towers !
Prophets, they saw the future's busier hours,
When gold, not beauty, should be most revered.
Yet none the less those merchants dared and
steered,
Because they knew High Art's magnetic powers.
If in our streets greed cries, and havoc lowers,
By reverence only shall the mists be cleared.
O'ercrowded days, hot times wherein we live,
Crave that refreshment, Werburgh, thou can'st
give.
Tradition, townsman's love, a scholar's bones,¹
Plead for the peace of thine ancestral stones ;
And from far future, hark ! a people's voice
Bless thy preservers, consecrate their choice.

NOTES TO "ST. WERBURGH'S TOWER."

The body of the Church, with its memories of 1,200 years, has been sold to furnish funds for the erection of a new Church in the suburbs.

By a special clause inserted in the Act for this removal, the Corporation were allowed to retain the Tower at their will. This, by a majority of seven votes, on Dec. 6, 1876, they refused to do, on the grounds that they could not vote public monies towards retaining public monuments, and that the Tower was an obstruction to traffic.

Hence this Tower—built in 1385—as remarkable for its architectural worth as for its beauty of position, whether viewed singly or in combination with its neighbour towers; as great a joy to the eyes of strangers as it is justly a pride to Bristol Citizens, with its history and civic associations of 492 years, is doomed to destruction.

¹ At the Western end of the Church are kneeling figures of Nicholas Thorn, with wife and children.

Nicholas, with his brother Robert Thorn, founded Bristol Grammar School, in Unity Street. He was buried August 19th, 1546.

Old Fuller speaks thus of the Thorns:—"I see it matters not what the name be, so the nature be good. I confess thorns came in by a curse, and our Saviour saith 'Do men gather grapes of thorns?' But this, our Thorn (God send us many coppices of them!) was a blessing to our nation; and wine and oil may be said freely to flow from him."

ST. JAMES' CHURCHYARD.

GRIM must have been the Death, that did insist
Far generations should so shun the spot!¹
Yet was Death kind; they never are forgot,
Those plague-smit hundreds, who await their
Christ!

Yea, Death was beautiful! He did enlist
The fragrant lilacs; from the bones that rot
A strange pale flower, that morning suns know
not,²

Fashions its gold, the primrose alchemist!
Great Azraël, like sheep the people died;
Thou saw'st the grasses in the High Street green,³
The sailors lifeless on the poisoned deck!
But from the city's universal wreck
Rose airier-builedd streets; her veins ran clean:
God's law was known, His wisdom justified!

NOTES TO "ST. JAMES' CHURCHYARD."

¹ In the Pestilence, that devastated Bristol at the beginning of the seventeenth century, 390 persons died in Saint James' Parish between August 20th, 1603, and March 22nd, 1604! The present enclosed Burial Ground was used for their interment; and the soil has remained unbroken for fear of the development of latent contagion.

The Plague broke out in Pepper Alley, Marsh Street, and 2,600 people died thereof in a single year!

² The Evening Primrose, which only opens at night, and closes in the morning; and which grows in abundance in Saint James' Churchyard.

³ This was a literal fact during the Plague of 1348, when it is chronicled that "grass grew several inches high in High Street and Broad Street, the then chief thoroughfares!"

ON HEARING ST. MATTHEW'S PEAL.

“**One**, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,”
I hear,
“Rejoice! this is the day the Lord hath made!”
And through the loopholes of that long parade¹
I looked, and found the message was sincere.
A laughing boy, with hand upon his ear,
In childish game with that full octave played:
With intermission, swift as sun and shade,
Heard the bells speak, now faintly and now clear.
Oh! happy child, whose being can afford
To lose of that loud eight a single word!
If yonder town as thou were listening,
To gladder hearts more glad the bells would ring;
And if, as thou, men paused with them to play,
Saint Matthew’s tower might cease its roundelay.

¹ Kingsdown Parade, from which peeps, as from loopholes in a fortification, can be obtained of the city below.

CLIFTON HILL.

CLIFTON PARISH CHURCH.

THE ground is heavy with the dust of Death ;
The air is laden with the dust of Life ;
With pollen gold the solid sunbeams rife
Dance round the yew, or die to shade beneath.
The grey-beard kneels among the graves, and
saith,
“ Not long before my journey ends, old wife ! ”
Hard by, the children, in their happy strife,
Encharm the crisp air silver with their breath.
There is no place in all the city round
For such strange contrast, such anomalies !
Youth, eld, sun, shadow, dead and dying ; these
So well agreeing can nowhere be found !
Of life and growth one firm embodiment,
The children laugh, the old man is content.

CLIFTON COLLEGE CHAPEL.
THE SUNDAY OF RETURN TO SCHOOL.

SHAKE from your hundred pipes the sleeping dust!
Ye played them home, oh, play them back again !
To-day they enter on a new campaign !
Shout, organ ! fill their young boy-hearts with
trust !

No longer shall the swords of learning rust ;
Unlaced their armour can no more remain,
But fierce, upon the school-day battle plain,
Clash with stern shocks of idleness and lust.
And if, opposed to their new hopes, there stand
The spectral furies of an earlier term,
Lo ! on their side, a visionary band
Of sweet home memories to keep them firm !
Each school-boy soldier shall his mate befriend,
And push on bravely to the battle's end !

SERMON IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

“WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT.”¹

FEBRUARY 6TH, 1876.

UPON the battle's fameless edge He fell,
His nerve untried, His sword unfleshed in fight;
And He was such a champion for the right,
The warrior's school had trained His heart so well.
Mourn not; who knew His chivalry can tell
That He had risen in the grey morn light,
Had fought His foes with God alone in sight,
And won as Jacob won on Penuel!
The swifter journey claims the earlier end,
And seeming just to have begun to live,
He died a veteran! Oh, His death forgive!
True gentle knight, sure helper, firmest friend!
Ye cannot grudge Him to the Hosts of Heaven;
Snatch up His sword, and strive as He has
striven!

¹ Saint John xii. 35.

FLAVEL COOK *v.* JENKINS.

APRIL 1ST, 1876.

THERE is one Judge of all the Courts Above,
And for one end His Statutes are decreed,
Our conscience only at that Bar can plead,
Our heart is lawyer, and the Code is Love !
Yet we, on earth, will on that Code improve,
With complex clause will suit each selfish creed,
And, when in passionate zeal men stab and bleed,
Forget the cause for which at first we strove.
Man is not Minos, Cook, that he should send
A soul to Heaven or a soul to Hell !
Say, Jenkins, hast thou broached th' invisible,
That thou deniest person to the Fiend ?
God shall discern ; His Love shall legislate ;
And each one day forgive the other's fancied hate.

FLAVEL COOK *v.* JENKINS.

A WALK BY CHRIST CHURCH ON THE EVENING
OF THE VERDICT, MARCH 21, 1876.

WOND'RING that hearts for love of Christ should
kill,
In marvel at the lawlessness of law,
That men leave plough to prate, I viewed, in awe,
Among the stars, with what obedience still
The weary "Ploughman" drove his team up hill.¹
Led by thy finger, Christ Church, lo ! I saw
How fierce Orion, but how slow to draw
His sword, though all the West his furies fill !
I thought—these twinkling hosts do not invade
The plains of Heaven for vain and empty show,
For ostentatious pride, and mock parade,
These constellations in such order show.
They shine, with strict observances, to aid
Rebellious man in search of law below !

¹ At this time of year the constellation of the Plough is
handle downwards.

The small star, commonly called the Ploughman, or
Waggoner, will thus be driving his team up hill.

SUNDAY IN BRISTOL.

ALL through the week above the town there
sprung,
From stately cupola and chimney tall,
A smoke-roof wreathing coign to capital !
There was such noise those sunless aisles among,
You heard not what men groaned, or children
sung.
To-day the city stands funereal,
A ruined Abbey, vast, majestical !
And down bare cloisters people wondering throng !
Swifter to build than those smoke-angel wings,
Hark ! music charms, from spire to spire, a roof !
The Heaven is filled with sweetest flutterings,
And Sabbath church-bells weave a sounding woof !
Low in Mid-Temple steamy Dagon thrown !
This day the God of Peace and Rest is known !

ON HEARING THE BIRDS SING,
ASH WEDNESDAY MORNING.

SING, blackbird, sing ; chirr, starling ; whistle,
thrush ;
Let your continuous orisons be poured,
Ye have not crucified your Living Lord,
Small need on this sad Wednesday ye should hush.
Fitly by you God's Presence in the bush
From immemorial time has been adored ;
But through man's heart must ever pass the sword,
Man's eyes with tears repentant ever gush.
And though we seek, our faces toward the ground,
With pain if penitence may still be found ;
Ye guileless singers, through these forty days
Each dawn shall add new beauties to your praise ;
And we, who listen to your psalms, may find
By Eastertide the truly thankful mind.

GOOD FRIDAY IN BRISTOL.

1876.

Put back the buds, and show the naked thorn,
And if at all red hawberries remain,
These shall be drops of blood to interstain
The Crown of Spines our King this day has worn.
Dark o'er Jerusalem the cloud of scorn ;
And dark o'er Bristol drives the bitter rain :
Oh ! yet we trust the sun shall shine again,
The white-thorn blow, forget-me-nots be born !
How should a seed increase unless it die ;
The grave be light, except Christ enter in ?
Where shall we learn, unless on Calvary,
How self must lose, how selflessness must win ?
See buds that spring, and seeds that burst, pro-
claim,
Without Black Friday never Easter came.

ON HEARING BELLS ON EASTER
MORNING.

GAy Bristol Bells, clash out your gladdest peal,
The Lord of Hosts has triumphed wondrously !
Run Avon sparkling down to meet the sea,
And bear the tidings to each wandering keel :
On every bush let buds their lips unseal :
Ye blackbirds shout your psalms from tree to tree ;
Captive behold Christ leads captivity ;
A life in death His living doth reveal !
How can men's hearts be sad on such a day ?
Ye mourners in the City, cease to weep,
The very bells unto our hearts do say,
“ A little folding of the hands to sleep.”
Break, heart of stone ; roll back sin's heavy gate ;
Christ has returned, no more to leave thee desolate.

WHIT MONDAY, FROM ASHLEY HILL.

ALL down the vale there's not a single stile
But bears love's burden and the rough-hewn name,
But hears the sigh of withered envious dame,
And sees some old man full of memories smile.
Free as the flowers, they gravely pluck, of guile,
A pigmy people gives itself to game :
These, swinging twixt the pollards, fan to flame
The buttercups ; those, kiss in ring the while.
Here, urchins dabbling in the streamlet go ;
There, maidens watch the daisies' swimming race.
Fresh fun the cuckoo starts with his " Peep-bo,"
And merry butterflies invite the chace !
With God to bless, and innocence to guide,
Our alley children keep their Whitsuntide.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING AT
ST. BARNABAS.

SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1876.

(SERMON FROM ST. MARK IV. 28.)

BRING dahlias, like empurpled honey-comb ;
Bring the gladiolus, whose flaming spear
Has smit to death the ripe and reeling year ;
Strew every fruit from nature's teeming womb,
With that gold memory of a bounteous tomb,
Which gave, for one a hundred fold, the ear !
Ye singing men and tuneful maids, appear,
To praise the Master of the harvest-home !
First blade, then ear, last comes the seed's increase,
And, " sown in weakness, it is raised in power ;"
Man gives God faith, and God returns the sower
Perfection's fruit, and storehouses of peace :
And thanking Him, we labourers learn to keep
Perpetual harvest till the angels reap.

SITE OF THE ANCIENT HIGH CROSS,¹
AT JUNCTION OF HIGH STREET, BROAD STREET,
CORN STREET, AND WINE STREET.

At these cross-ways the City's pulses meet ;
Here trade's Charybdis with its greed is rolled ;
The wave of traffic, that will break in gold,
Confounds the listener in the crowded street !
Is there no rhythm for these clattering feet,
Does music cease when wares are bought and sold,
Can melody no weary hearts uphold,
Is life for all these hurrying ones too sweet ?
Birth says not so ; here Southey's² harp was strung !
And death denies ; hard by is Savage³ laid !
Here Coleridge⁴ mused ! here Wordsworth⁵ as he
sung
Of Tintern's woods, immortal shrines has made
For sad Reflection, moving in the crowd,
And lonely Silence, where men's tongues are loud !

NOTES TO "SITE OF THE ANCIENT HIGH CROSS."

¹ The High Cross, erected 1247, embellished with royal statues 1373, painted and gilded for Elizabeth's visit, August 14, 1574, was removed to suit the whim of a timorous silversmith 1733, lay in fragments in Guildhall, re-erected in College Green; thence removed to please a querulous citizen, was lumber in the Cathedral: Dr. Cutts, Dean of Bristol in 1768, sold it to his friend Sir Colt Hoare, of Stourhead, in whose grounds it now stands, with its statues of King John, Henry III., Edward IV., Henry VI., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.

The High Cross was market place, forum, scene of religious festivals—*e.g.*, Corpus Christi Day, 14th June. Henry VII. and Elizabeth were here received with pageant. Colonel Fiennes, on Saturday, March 4, 1642, here publicly burnt the King's proclamation concerning the Navy.

But it is most memorable as the spot where Scrope Earl of Wilts, Bushey, and Green, Privy Councillors, and adherents of Richard II., were executed, at the people's cry, July 29, 1399. See Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, *Act* iii., *Scene* 1. Here, too, the tyrannical Thomas de Spenser, Duke of Gloucester, soon after met a like fate.

² Southey was born No. 9, Wine Street.

³ Savage was buried opposite Saint Peter's Church.

⁴ Coleridge composed his "Religious Musings" in Cottle's parlour, now Hayward's book shop.

⁵ Wordsworth penned his poem on Tintern Abbey in the same room.

RICHARD SAVAGE; OR, IN FRONT OF
ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL.

BURIAL REGISTER, A.D. 1743, RICHARD SAVAGE,
THE POET.

HERE lies whom wit remembers, birth forgot ;¹
Whose faults his misery made, his woe condones :
Who never heard a mother's pitying tones ;
A father's stern example,—knew it not !
Cursed by a pride that hounds the beggar's lot,
The fear of patrons, but the sport of thrones !
Here the kind gaoler² laid the poet's bones,
And only left men's hearts to mark the spot ;
Who penned in garret, what he learnt in hall ;
Who read for titles, what for bread he penned ;
Who earned with pain, but would on pleasure spend.
Alas ! he languished in your Newgate's walls !
And there he heard Death's welcomest of calls,
Paid his last debt, first really knew a friend.

¹ Savage died a debtor in Newgate, Bristol. He was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Reed, a coffee-house keeper, for a debt of £8.

² Dagge, the gaoler, showed Savage great kindness, and at his death, Aug. 1, 1743, he buried him mainly at his own expense. No stone covers the grave, but the spot is traditionally said to be six feet from the south door of Saint Peter's Church.

ARNO'S VALE CEMETERY.

HERE let me walk a little while in peace !
Ye dead, stretch out your quiet hands to me !
For here, the merchant, from his traffic free,
Nor feels his failure, nor his goods' increase ;
The shopmen, here, of counter-worries cease ;
The sailor quite forgets how roared the sea ;
No lawyer rates his client for a fee ;
And all the City's wounded ones have ease !
Long as the Arno,—Avon be thou rolled,
To death and freedom ever consecrate !
Build up the broken pillar, plant the mould,
Man is not crushed, he has but changed his state ;
And flourish peace and happiness ; for gold,
With greed, bides quarrelling beyond the gate.

THE CRIPPLES' HOME,
34, RICHMOND TERRACE, CLIFTON.

Oh, ye who help creation to its end,
And to God's ruined temples reverence give,
Heaven's heart is yours, ye needs must ever live,
Ever our City's hands assistance lend ;
Oh, that a lyrist's skill a sonnet penned,
Could, for the crutch, a moment's health contrive ;
And those, who suffer sinless, but believe,
And smile to think their shattered fates might
mend ;
Ye knew by art that Charity inspires,
How, though her harp be broken, nature sings ;
In lanes and alleys found the crooked wires,
And tuned to perfect love the broken strings ;
So that from upland palace, marshland street,
Henceforth the songs of men and angels meet !

“LITTLE JOHNNY,”
AT THE CRIPPLES’ HOME.

HARD was the fate that rapt thee down to hell!
But Proserpine, though thou didst lose the day,
Thy hands were free for flowers upon thy way,
Dark meadows bloomed with spiky asphodel!
This orphan child a harder fate befell!
The cruel engine snatched his arms away,
But left behind strong passion for his play
With flowers he might not gather in the dell!
Bright little bare-foot,¹ though thy limbs were
torn,
Thy love was quickened at thy body’s core.
Type of the chains God’s armies here have worn!
Hope for the agèd warriors gone before!
Symbol thou art to those, who, Spirit-born,
Will pluck White Lilies on the Further Shore!

¹ “Bright little bare-foot,” conveying the idea that his feet are now to him in place, as far as may be, of hands.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL,
BRISTOL.

I PASSED from halls of gaiety to one
Where children languished, tiny girls and boys ;
Their faint white hands stretched out to take the
 toys,
And failed in taking. Childish mirth and fun
Were strangers here ; the jest, that else would run
Provoking smile from face to face, annoys !
Gravely they sit, anticipate no joys,
They know not who shall see to-morrow's sun !
Death, Death, how art thou pitilessly proud !
Could'st thou not here forget the dolorous fee ?
To these poor children was it not allowed
To feel their painless moments quit of thee ?
Could'st thou not choose from babes thy face to
 hide,
That they might smile, and playing might have
died ?

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN CHIDDY.¹

FORTH from his quarry drag the largest stone,
And bid the sculptor grave his name, his deed ;
So that each village babe may grow to read,
Each grandsire preach, each father shew his son !
And let these simple words be writ thereon,—
“ A stone fell railwards, and he knew the need,
“ He recked not of the engine’s rushing speed,
“ But for a hundred lives he gave his one !”
Honour the man, whom generations brought
To live so well he could so nobly die !
In the hard school of quarry-labour taught,
He helped his brothers’ hands continually.
When duty called, he dashed aside the thought
Of home,—left pick and barrow,—leapt to die !

¹ John Chiddy, quarryman at Hanham, killed by the “ Flying Dutchman,” April 2, 1876, while in the act of removing a stone from the rails.

BRISTOL SMOKE IN EARLY MORNING.

OCTOBER.

Like breathing hosts upon a frosty morn
Beneath my feet the slumbering City lay ;
In thought, I heard the herald trumpet say,
“ Rest, for our armies both are battle-worn !
“ Let not the ensigns black with smoke be borne
“ But rolled about their standards let them stay ! ”¹
And like a nation’s sigh, from far away,
The truce was welcomed, and the treaty sworn.
Thrice treacherous peace that could no longer last !
Forth o’er their ranks the smoky banners flew ;
Men’s voices clamoured, furious and fast.
Still standards waved, and still the loud horns
blew !
And to the conflict, and the battle smoke
Of one more day old Bristol’s City woke.

Suggested by the frequent infringement of the Servian
armistice.

¹ The smokeless factory chimneys in the early dawn give
the idea of ensigns when the colours are “ cased.”

**A CALM EVENING, FROM ASHLEY
HILL.**

To WEARY Heaven by day there did upstream
The City's sweat, the fury of her fires ;
Rest comes with eve, and all her passion tires !
Of the refining air, kind angels seem
To weave into a calm and boundless dream
Far distant towers, and soft uncertain spires ;
While, as the sun's magnificence retires,
Like genii lamps the factory windows gleam.
Would God that, at our anxious daylight's end,
Upon the City builded of our life,
From fumes of passion, and from clouds of strife
Such peaceful fairy mists might so descend ;
And we behold above us, ere we die,
Wove from the toil and smoke, as calm a sky !

BRISTOL BY GASLIGHT,
FROM ASHLEY HILL.

THE stars are quenched, the moon has fled the sky;
Say, have they come to sojourn here below?
See, fierce betwixt the Bull and Lion show
Those Twins, whose feet tread down the Galaxy.
Orion threatens here ; there Sirius' eye
Burns red, with haste and demon fire aglow ;
Where the great monster Cetus flounders low,
Brave Perseus to his fettered love doth fly.
Then was there sudden horror in the stars !
A Comet rushing with a cloud of fire !
A whirr ! A shriek ! Nay, Heaven can know no
wars.

The constellations cannot so conspire.
By roared a train ; and clear before my sight
A gas-lit City lay, with noises of the night.

NOTE.—At the time this sonnet was penned, the Constellations Taurus, Leo, Gemini, Sirius, Orion, Cetus, and Perseus were visible. With a little trouble one could identify them in the City's lights ; a red signal light on the Clifton Extension Railway suggesting Sirius.

A MARCH DAY,
ON ASHLEY HILL, LOOKING DOWN ON BRISTOL.

It was a day of sun and shifting cloud ;
The west wind shook the hedges into green ;
And for the breeze, that came so oft between,
The thrush, that piped of summer, sang more loud.
From furnace tower, and chimney pillar proud,
The happy smoke came leaping to be seen,
As if it joyed to change for blue serene
The clash of engine, and the hum of crowd !
From the Town's borders to it's heart is blown
Chorus of birds, that herald in the May !
The sickliest alley lattices have known
The cheer of sun and healthfulness to-day !
Would God, on wings of light and song, might
come
A little hint of Heaven, a little love of Home !

MÜLLER'S ORPHANAGE,
ASHLEY DOWN.

FAR from the palpitating City's moan,
Above the dust of day, the gaslight's flare,
Is set a mighty monument of prayer,
In sombre unobtrusiveness alone !
There, in true soil of tenderness, are grown
From weeds, wild flowers, that drink a purer air ;
No orphan's cry untended enters there ;
And Christian hearts make childhood's woes their
own.
Halls built on halls, with their ten thousand eyes,
Brimful of Heaven and health within them beam :
The open doors, the breathing chimneys seem
To ask continual mercy from the skies ;
And winds, that pass at morning, and at even,
Blow thence more precious to the gates of Heaven.

PLUCKING DAISIES ;

OR,

THE ORPHANAGE AT THE FOOT OF ASHLEY HILL.

OH for a field of grass with daisies pied !
Such saw I once when orphan children came,
Who made the daisies partners of their game,
Forgot their tears, and laid their school aside.
These ran, and those with graveness would decide,
By fall of petal, love and fate and name :
Low bent, their milk-white bodices¹ did shame
The flowers that generous morn had multiplied.
Their world was far beyond, but in that field
Was all they needed for the perilous way !
Child hearts, that took unquestioning God's yield ;
Pure feet, whose steps the lowly flowers could stay !
Man might strain out and cry ; these maidens
kneeled,
With grateful hands, to what before them lay !

¹ All the girls of this Orphanage are dressed in blue gowns
and white tippets.

THE RED MAIDS' SCHOOL.¹

THOSE hands unto the heart for help did send,
Who limned these red-skirt maidens, where they
sit,
Weaving their humble futures as they knit,
Making a happy present as they mend !
For here, on one long bench, clear eyes befriend
The sightless ; this—unto the tale will fit
Convenient moral ; that—with childish wit
Will counsel take, or grave experience lend !
Wise little rulers of your playing yard,
Hoop-sticks your sceptres, orbs your knitting-balls !
Though by stern gates your liberties are barred,
Yours is a realm beyond the college walls ;
For whiles at white-caped senators you play,
You found the order of a gentler day.

¹ "The Red Maids' School," "Mrs. Fry Visiting New-gate"—two pictures in the Academy of 1876.

MRS. FRY VISITING NEWGATE.¹

OUTSIDE, with filthy shout the alehouse rung,
Inside, the prison walls took up the cry,—
Brute beasts, that foamed in their captivity !
When back with groan the hopeless portal swung.
Straight in there stepped the tender-eyed, the
young ;
Grim gaolers smiled, grey pastors heaved a sigh,
But Angels, anxious from Eternity,
Championed her steps, and did confirm her tongue !
Cheer, captives, cheer ! a strong deliverer comes !
Peter in prison knew no surer guide !
She learned her lesson in dark Bristol homes,
And holds the heart's true Bible at her side.
Scorn, wonder, doubt, trust, thank, believe, and
bless !
To-night free souls shall wear the prison dress !

¹ "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate," "The Red Maids' School"—two pictures in the Academy of 1876.

A VIEW OF BRISTOL EARLY IN THE
MORNING, FROM PUR-DOWN.

“GOD IS IN THE MIDST OF HER, THEREFORE
SHALL SHE NOT BE REMOVED.”

As mists of summer where cool streams are rolled,
So breathed thy waking roofs a promise fair,
That thy cool heart to-day should cease of care.
Happy I went, but, turning back, behold !
O'er the blurred Town, with writhings manifold,
Strange demons wrestle in the murky air—
Greed, panting Haste, hard Want, and black
Despair ;
And in their hands dark belching torches hold !
Then a true vision through the mists of doubt,
A friend's clear face behind a hideous dream,
Through the dim battle of those powers of steam,—
Thy Temples, God, stood gloriously out !
And, as I passed into the battle-cloud,
To morning prayer the bells were calling loud !

THE HOOTER, OR STEAM-HORN,
HEARD AT DUCHESS' WOOD.

A MIGHTY horn was blown ! I thought, in fear,
“One of the puissant giant-killing race,
“Who sounds thereon his challenge, and disgrace
“To him, who on these knolls makes horrid cheer!
“Whose cup and mirror are yon shining mere !”
Then fancy changed ; I heard the huntsmen race
The flying morn along the Kingswood Chace,
And saw the startled kite, the scampering deer !
Died fancy with the echoes of that horn !
The hunting men were greed’s pale servitors ;
Men running breathless to the factory doors ;
And the steam-hooter woke the busy morn !
How sad that hunt, beside the pleasant dream !
And by the giant’s horn, how grim that voice of
steam !

A SERVICE OF SONG IN DUCHESS'
PARK,
ON A MAY MORNING.

TUNED by the mellowest month of all the year,
The Linnet, Tit, and Finch in voice agree ;
The Cuckoo to this twangling company
Lends his strange instrument, now far, now near !
Their quick recurrent parts the Robins bear,
The Pigeon claps her cymbals, and the Bee
Swalls with soft drum the woodland symphony !
Orchestral shades ! what ravishment to hear !
His alto now the Blackbird trills alone ;
Now Thrush and Blackbird in duet are one,
The Wren a wavering prelude ends, and, hush !
Sweet solo sings the prima donna Thrush ;
Then in full chorus all the wood accords,
And, light as air, my heart supplies the words !

THE MONUMENT¹ AT DUCHESS' WOODS,
ON THE
ANNIVERSARY OF LADY ELIZABETH'S DEATH.

LADY Elizabeth, my lot be thine !
In children's hearts my immortalities !
A presence with the bluebells 'mid the trees ;
A cool green pillar set in rain and shine !
Or with those mild conservators, the kine,
Who tend the grass, and keep the terraces !
A memory in these chestnuts, with the breeze
That shifts their branchy cavern shades, be mine.
All these about thy pillar, noble dame,
Climb with the ivy of a hundred years !
This cannot yet efface thy sculptured name ;
These cannot yet forbid our grateful tears ;
With them, to thee, on this thy death's sad day,
True genius of the place, our floral vows we pay.

¹ "Elizabetha Somerset. Caroli, Ducis de Beaufort, filia secunda, obiit 7th Maii, M.D.C.C.L.X."

DEATH OF A PARISHIONER.

A WALK TO THE DUCHESS' WOODS FROM BAPTIST
MILLS, ON A MAY MORN.

BEFORE the mill awakes I leave the vale ;
Up springs the lark, yet is not up the dew ;
Their cud the kine, with thirsting udders, chew ;
The milkman swings his silver-weighted scale ;
With shining foot the shepherd leaves his trail,
And every morning makes that trail anew !
Sad flowers the children plucked, and heedless
threw,
Lead to the copse where rests the nightingale ;
What tender hints of youth, and health's excess ;
How careless those, and how unworthy I !
These wildlings plucked some sick man's rooms to
bless,
For my sole guidance dropt and left to die !
How like the lowly lives, whose sweet decay
Leads us, through mists of morn, with joy upon our
way !

ASHTON CLUMP AND LANSDOWN.

THEY stand like clustered counsellors, the trees,
That know not age, and were not ever young,
Hushed till the storm awakes, and then their
tongue
Is loud and earnest on the varying breeze !
And their dominion is of sunny leas,
Where at the mower's heel the grasses sprung,
Where the soft-hearted western wind has flung
Dew for the kine, and honey for the bees !
High on an hill, one half the parliament,
They commune hold with Lansdown all the year.
Their messages upon the sunbeams sent,
Their high decisions do the swallows bear ;
Till the hot axe of rude reform assail,
The Lords and Commons of the Avon vale !

ASHTON COURT.

To NATURE grant a calm unswerving love,
And she will lend thee of her living soul ;
And as a child, that, when it yields control,
Most wins obedience, she your guide will prove.
With thee the Spring will share her treasure-trove ;
Dumb things caress, that from thee frightened stole ;
The birds shall haunt thy way ; the trees enrol
Themselves thy guard ; thy trusted friend the
grove.

Then, though thy wealth be India's, yet the ~~more~~
Silver and gold the ~~may~~ and kingcups bring ;
Gay liveried servants at the castle door,
The gorse, shall give wild things a ~~welcoming~~ ;
And, whilst thy portals keep such open cheer,
Peace and content shall blossom all the year.

THE BLAST-FURNACE AT ASHTON
IRON WORKS.

ALL day our children hear thee hammering,
Like some besieger at the City's gate ;
Wild monster tales the foolish maids relate,
Led by thy noise, thou breathless panting thing !
The snows may fade, but o'er thee ever spring
Smoke plumes of snow, the emblem of thy state ;
And busy torches, when the night is late,
In fiery dance do homage to their king.
Majestic furnace, cranning man's desires,
In feigned obedience, at thy throne take shape :
But thou, in midst of these thy torturing fires,
Forth from thy lips what groans and sighs escape !
For, since Prometheus filled his stealthy reed,
A king in name, thou art a slave in deed !

DUNDRY TOWER.

GIANT perverse, about thee storm winds throw
Their ermines, when the valley violets peep ;
And to thy crown the sun its gold will sweep,
When meads are stark and pools are chill below !
Friend of our lands, the dread of foreign foe,
Alone thou dost thy beacon watches keep !
The shepherd feels thee, hurdling of his sheep.
On morning seas thy sign the merchants know !
Watchers there are, among us, like to thee,
Whose tempers cannot with the times agree ;
Who, on their honest purpose bent and bold,
Stand straightly up, though winds blow hot or
cold ;
Such men, who, in their noble solitude
Being nearer Heaven, are misunderstood !

THE KNOTTED ELM, AT ABBOT'S
LEIGH.

QUAINT natured elm, within thy breast must be
A touch of human sympathy ! Thy blood
Did never else surround thy years of wood
With such strange keepers, such a hideous three !
A bear, a snake, a sloth, all these we see
Couched at thy roots, a scaly-rinded brood,¹
Who of the thing they champion suck the blood,
And in their watching harmlessly agree !
For men beneath their greenest boughs will grow
A watchful crew of such unnatural breed,
Who coil, and clutch, and on their heart's blood
feed,
And fatten at the roots in shade below ;
Sloth, Cunning, Greed, who, when bare winters
come,
Stand boldly out beneath the cankered home !

¹ This old elm by the wayside at Abbot's Leigh must, from the curious distortion of its roots, claim attention from any passer by.

THE CHURCHYARD GATE,
AT ABBOT'S LEIGH.

SHEDDING his rose upon the wedding-day,
The fluttering bridegroom paused, and communed
here,
And took fresh heart to see the gay ships steer
On bold adventure forth into the bay !
And they, who bore the last old friend this way
Would gaze down dock-wards, out across the bier,
Then lay their burden down without a tear,
So well the vessels rested by the quay !
And old and young beside that churchyard gate
Could gain some lesson from the changing tide ;
And how God gave or took, they would relate ;
Would bear their joy with calm, their want with
pride.
There is no spot in all the country round
Where Nature's hands so strong to help are found !

SUNSET AT ABBOT'S LEIGH.

MEN, careless, said it was the setting sun !
The sun was hid, the waves were shuddering gold,
The very mountains fainted to behold,
And Avon's pale white waters ceased to run !
Was Nature truer prophet she should shun
That bright terrific death-sign ? man, less bold,
By yonder black-beaked cape, to sit and fold
Tame arms, and loll his heart against the gun ?
Our nation's life is setting ! Then I turned ;
Great ships stood bravely up the Avon's tide ;
The waters slept where that great terror died ;
And on the mountain stars of promise burned ;
While man, and beast, and woodland blessed the
night,
Tired with a tiresome day, and waited for the
light.

H A M G R E E N ;

OR,

REFLECTION.

By these red rocks,¹ along this umber shore,²
Folly may think, philosophers be gay ;
The children, as among the flowers they play,
Learn of life's changes that are all before !
For here the sailor, dropping of his oar,
Welcomes the scenes he dreamt of far away ;
Whilst he, who moves for toil to yonder bay,
Dumb for farewell, scarce hopes to see them more !
Happy the youth, that, playing, can forget,
That drinks reflection as it laughs i' the sun !
Night's griefs shall come, the stars of joy be set,
But fresh in other worlds our thoughts shall run ;
And they, who learned of shifting sail and sea,
Like peaceful Severn shall their grey hairs be !

¹ The rocks at the bend of the river as seen from the Ham Green gardens.

² Umber shore, the colour of the river's bed and bank when the tide is out.

EARLY MORN AND EVENTIDE,
IN LEIGH WOODS.

BORN of a common parent, sister-twins,
All through the day they journey, face to face,
To kiss in their accustomed greeting-place,
Where mid long shades, in silence, health reclines !
Grey dews are in their locks, and silver lines
Of gossamer their dripping sandals lace !
Half drowsy buds do either's bosom grace,
And on their foreheads, lo ! the same star shines !
But though one come from East, and one from
West,
Each sends the forest creature to his food,
Stirs song, sets wings a-sailing in the wood,
And finds the Linnet sleeping on her nest !
Men know not which is fairer ; but they call
One, Early Morn,—the other, Even-fall !

ON FINDING THE WILD STRAWBERRY
IN NIGHTINGALE VALLEY,

APRIL 3RD.

BEFORE the Arum peeps from out her hood,
When daisies still are fresh in children's eyes,
I, rambling, found the wilding strawberries
Had spread their pearly petals in the wood !
Companion of the wanderer's solitude !
Let others boast their scents and gorgeous dyes,
Thy simple star, thy modest hermit guise,
Are emblems of the faithful and the good !
For thou canst never hear the Nightingale ;
Thy five white shells will whisper to no Bee ;
No Butterfly by thee will rest her sail ;
Some hedgerow thing will win a feast of thee !
But thou hast secrets of the kindling earth ;
And men, who know them, bless thy humble birth.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN NIGHTINGALE
VALLEY.

THE laggard Ash has shaken free her plumes ;
From yonder slopes the May-tide snow is gone ;
And down the cleft, where day the latest shone,
The moony White-Beam all the dusk illumes !
As one, who fearful moves among the tombs,
And hopes for one lost whisper—only one,—
Doubting for joy, I start to hear thy tone,
That of this vale the sovereignty resumes !
Empress ! made less, by what a loyal hush,
Thy woes will bubble from thee till the day !
Tuned to thy honey-drip, my tears will gush ;
But none will listen as in grief I stray !
Our pain is kin ; oh ! make thy sorrows mine !
So, listening, I shall lose myself in thine !

BOWER-WALL AND STOKESLEIGH CAMPS.

WHERE harried Britons¹ from these sister heights
Scared the grey Wolf, and dispossessed the Fox ;
And for their forest land and gentle flocks
Against the invader did maintain their rights ;
Now, on the ramparts, Oaks outwatch the nights,
In their strong arms the happy school-boy rocks !
And where the Roman taught his lads to box,
The painter strives with shade and flickering lights !
Say, are not yonder bushes marshalled hosts ?
The loud guns smoke along the scarpèd walls !²
Yon wind-torn music, hark, to battle calls !
Nay, tender lady, these are memory's ghosts ;
Down hawthorns, quarry blasts, and dazzling band,
Echoes of pain where now in peace you stand !

¹ The two Camps, Bower-Wall and Stokesleigh, are divided by the hanging woods and ravine of Nightingale Valley. In the one the rampart and fosse, in the other the double ramparts and fosses, are still visible. There is little doubt but that they were early Belgic-British Camps in the first instance, and were afterwards occupied by the Romans.

² All through the year may be heard the reports, and seen the smoke, of the powder-blasts, in the quarries on either side the Avon.

CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

WHEN the world shook and yawned, did it un-
earth
This mighty sinew, this tremendous thing ;
Great Jove above the gulf these fetters fling,
To bind the cliffs, that shrank along the firth ?
Did Vulcan in his stithy give thee birth ;
The careless jolly gods upon thee swing,
And laugh to see old Neptune wallowing ;
The primal woods resound with satyr mirth ?
Nay ! for these gods were captive long ago !
These monster forces from their thrones were
hurled !
He bade them o'er the void this highway throw
Who dispossessed them of their brutish world !
God, through the ages, did unfold the plan,
His fashioning Finger was the atom man !

TO A THRUSH, HEARD ON CLIFTON
DOWN IN A JANUARY MIST.

CLEAR-THROATED minstrel! what desires can move
Thee, in thy branchy, mist-empurpled swing,
When woods are cold, and winds are sorrowing,
Thus to rehearse thy last-year notes of love ;
To thrill with all thy heart the listening grove ;
To sit, and, with no surety of the Spring,
To answer every voice the breezes bring ;
And thine excelling championship to prove ?
In the dead Winter of an early sorrow,
No thought of quickening Spring my spirit cheers !
But as I hearken, of thy strength I borrow ;
Hope with thy music mingles in mine ears !
Thou, that so cheerly settest forth the morrow,
While round thee million buds are wet with tears !

THE POWER OF SPRING;
or,
ON ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS.

No more the imperious voice of Spring withstood,
The grim rocks yield, and forth the Wall-flowers
 peep,
And the gay prisoners climb the fortress steep !
O'er-swims yon slope the green engathered flood,
And flecks with spray the Birches in the wood ;
No more the chains of Clematis can keep,
The light heart captives round the Hawthorn leap,
And earth is vanquished by a rebel brood !
There is for helpless mortals here beneath
One stronger arm, one more tremendous power,—
Love, that can trample time, and beat out death,
And from cold hands of Winter coax the flower !
Cease waves your siege ; new might is in the land,
For Love and Spring are going hand in hand !

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION;

OR,

THE JACKDAWS ABOVE GHYSTON CAVE.

Not thee, for guide, the solemn hermit took,
Garrulous unimaginative bird !
When, thy swift talk to man's harsh tongue
preferred,
He claimed this cavern, and the world forsook ;
Yon woods, an ever changing picture-book ;
God in their leaves was talked of and revered !
The full tide taught him calm ; at ebb he heard
The hurrying streams his indolence rebuke !
The cave's cool drip of water was his clock !
The birds to Matins called, to Vespers led ;
And, as he knelt, sweet fragrances were shed
From those gold censers¹ blowing on the rock !
So, with imagination for his guide,
The hermit lived, and loved his God, and died !

¹ "Gold censers," i.e., Wall-flowers, which cover the Saint Vincent's Rocks in the spring time.

DANDELIONS AND DAISIES ON THE
DOWNS;
OR,
JEALOUSY.

THE strong Sun rolls to kingship in the sky ;
He reigns alone, or will not reign at all,
In Heaven alone will sway the golden ball ;
The Stars, his nearest nobles, bow and die !
With gay address smiles Madame Coquetry,
Till Miss persumes, then how her pleasures pall !
With what a flow of bitterness and gall
The season's hero owns an equal by !
Ye daisy systems feel not envy's shame ;
Your constellations no base suns eclipse,
Nay ! when your stars show misted purple lips,
The dandelion dulls his orb of flame ;
And while men wonder at your generous will,
Out bursts the sun, but leaves ye shining still !

CLEMATIS IN LEAF ON THE DOWNS.

WHEN to her port a vessel steers, alway
The sailors drag the surly chains aboard,
Each link they try, each hempen strand they
hoard,
Against the venture of a stormier day !
But when the ship of Spring has reached our bay,
In bush and brake they twist the idle cord ;¹
Fresh knots of green proclaim what strength
they stored,
And the quick ropes ² make captive of the May !
Ye generous crew, that sailed the ship of Spring,
The flowers from your luxuriant shrouds will fade,
But skipping-ropes and love-knots shall be made,
And laughing children praise you as they swing ;
For true, each year, with gifts of life ye come,
Unstep your mast, and make with us your home.

¹ Alluding to the ropes of the Clematis that are twisted in the bushes on the Downs.

² The quick ropes, or the ropes full of life and sap.

MAY DAY,
IN SNEYD PARK WOODS.

THE teeming land of May-tide must be won !
With swift recruits the pale Anemonies
Collect their trembling-hearted companies,
The Blue-bell's banner leads them cheerly on ;
Five plated shields of gold Primroses don,
Grey visors Violets take, the Orchis frees
Her sanguined rowels, in cool armouries
The Spurge works poisoned spears for everyone !
But I might see those grave wood counsellors,
The Lords and Ladies,¹ sitting in their doors,
At their green tents no stir of war was made,
When lo ! in daisy fetters down the glade,
While birds triumphant sang the pæan song,
The captive May came willingly along !

¹ Lords and Ladies is the name by which children know the woodland Arum.

THE SEA-WALL ;
AFTER RETURNING FROM SWITZERLAND.

FRESH from the awe of that white mountain
world,
Thy picture, Avon, ever at my side,
I still had hope to find thee in thy pride,
Thy sails with no less marvel spread or furled !
But thou from thine old royalty art hurled ;
For I have climbed where God sits glorified,
Have known floods stronger, rocks more deeply
dyed,
Where storm-winds writhed, not tender mists were
curled !
God, shall love cease when hearts in loving grow ;
Shall the dear dead have passed in knowledge on ?
Yon tide, that ebbs, will yet return and flow,
Though with great deeps it held communion :
And 'tis my faith that they, who loved below,
Must love hereafter in their love of One !

GOSSAMERS ON THE DOWN.

FRIEND, our life's lessons at our feet are strown !
These bright field gauzes trembling in the wind
Have larger love and hope than humankind ;
More heart to aid than unto man is known !
Life leans on life, and path through path is
thrown ;
Perplexed with intricacies, yet we find
Each thread instinct with individual mind,
Each gossamer the sovereign of his own !
Fair in the Spring, at Autumn-tide most fair,
Dews fall, winds blow, nor rain nor breeze can
break ;
But all its wealth of tears, and weight of care,
To one large liquid pearl the winds will shake,
And, leaving this for others, to the air
It mounts, and to new fields new helpfulness will
take !

SELFISHNESS;

OR,

QUIET ON THE DOWNS.

THE lounging Roman, who, in days of yore,
Watched the low galley from the Severn side
Crawl with it's hundred arms upon the tide,
Or disembark the green encrusted ore;¹
He wist not of thy rising, Bristol, more
Than I, who on this sunny rock astride,
Can think that yonder ships in dumbness glide
To dockyard clamour, and to harbour roar !
Eye-blinding selfishness ! The conqueror dreamed
No other city mightier than Rome !
And I, who to these silent downs have come,
For me alone their health and beauty seemed !
Nor thought I once, Beyond the hill there lies
A City's travail, with it's throes and cries !

¹ In Roman times, though few Roman traces have been left in Bristol, Antiquarians are agreed that much of the copper-ore smelted in the Wye Valley, and other neighbouring places in Wales, would be brought across the Severn, and find storage and safety at Bristol.

THE EAGLE,
AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, CLIFTON.

WAS Nature ever crueler undone !
Yon bird, whose eyes were fashioned for the light,
The crystal chambers of whose world of sight
Were framed for close communion with the sun,
Sits in eclipse, and evermore will shun
Man, and the friends of his first eagle flight ;
A king brought down unto a captive's plight !
And here he frets, his feathers all awry,
His wings unplumed, his talons grey with dust,
The golden beak enscaled with idle rust,
His heart unmindful of his home and sky ;
One friend he has, in all this world beneath,
To break his bonds, and end his being.—Death !

HANNIBAL,
THE LION IN THE CLIFTON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

IN grandeur unapproachable he lies—
A lion captive,—but a king in chains !
Wild looks of liberty, a prisoner's pains,
With fresh fierce lightnings mingle in his eyes.
Men pass, he holds them in contempt as flies !
The stars to him, what are they but remains
Of those bright wings,¹ that in the forest plains
Lit his night's ravine with their companies ?
Tremendous, horrid with thy shock of hair,
They led thee captive to a slavish land !
Our hearts are hedged by custom's barren strand;
Hard profit makes vile peepshow of might's lair ;
Mock thunders echo from our coward shore ;
But giant, thy grim lips can trumpet forth a roar !

¹ The fire-flies.

TUMBLER PIGEONS, OVER BRISTOL.

To me ye seemed a falling flower wreath,
Ye giddy aeronauts, ye tumblers rare ;
Whose stage is cushioned with elastic air ;
Whose meed, our eyes of wonder from beneath !
Soft-winged dissemblers, are ye friends with
Death,
Or, childlike, of your perils unaware ?
Say, trust ye Heaven so well, that ye may dare
To lose your life, and take again your breath ?¹
Angels of light, swift worlds of loveliness,
Ye wheel above pale labour's closest strife ;
And, in your health's exuberant excess,
Cheer sinking hearts with whispers of your life !
Bright ministrants of God, the whiles ye hover,
Rare Heavens of peace our wearied eyes discover !

¹ Some scientific authorities have hazarded the conjecture that the fall of the tumbler pigeon is the result of temporary paralysis of nerves in close conjunction with the brain.

TRUE LOVE ;
OR,
IN ST. JUDE'S.

I PASSED by blinded alley, choking street,
The pale sky torn in ribands overhead,
By reeking barriers half-curtainéd,
The night-sky showed no starry sign complete !¹
Here, wedding jests did funeral mourners meet ;
And here, for need, the poor man pawned his bed !
Weak mothers earned, strong fathers spent, the
bread ;
And the cold pavement hurt the children's feet !
Then, lady-love, thy vision in my soul
Changed my heart's sickness into sympathy !
For thee, the starving mother clutched the dole !
By thee, the barefoot children ceased their cry !
Thou saidst, thy fingers to the broken sky,
“ Have faith; behold the Pointers and the Pole ! ”²

¹ Look up at the stars in a narrow street and you will observe that only part of a constellation is visible, the sky being broken by the roofs on either side.

² That is, from sight of the Pointers in the constellation of the Great Bear, and the Pole Star to which they always point, you will know that the whole constellation of which the Pointers are but two stars, is up in the Heavens.

THE FIRST SWALLOW,
SEEN, APRIL 10, ON THE BANKS OF THE FROME.

Not first I found thee on the breezy down,
Thou swift companion of the nimble air,
Nor knew thee graceful in the freshening square,
But on the sooty edges of the town,
With sun and health from far savannahs blown !
What angel met, and made thy quick mind ware
Of garret woes, dark alleys in despair,
That thou, physician, hitherwards hast flown ?
The sickly child, behind the frouzy pane,
May see thee pass, and cry a joyful cry ;
The old man, counting on his summer's gain,
Leap at thy message as thou flickerest by ;
Starved mothers smile to mind the village lane ;
For thou art true, though love has turned a lie.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHRISTMAS STREET.

1876.

WITH ruin in their face, from far and near,
Ran the pale merchants on that dreadful night ;
The Lansdown cotter shuddered at the sight ;
And bold sea-captains crowded sail in fear !
Ha ! the flames catch, they ramp from tier to tier !
Tiles slip, the roofs are skeletons of light !
Crash ! and upspring huge fountains starry bright !
And, with a groan, walls reel and disappear !
That night the Frome ran steaming round the
keels !
On heated bells Saint John gave forth the hour !
Choked, as they toiled, men plied their engine
reels ;
And still flames drank, and still they would devour ;
Till surfeited they fell at break of day,
And in the sobbing streets black homeless ruin lay.

ON THE DRAWBRIDGE

DEEP in the heart's loud humming laboratories
Is set a silence chamber all apart ;
Men's tears at sudden hush will ever start !
Old City, hoarse with manufacture's cries,
Whose noise acclaims the busy enterprise,
Lo ! at the clamorous centre of thy heart,
The solemn waters hush the wrangling mart,
And quiet ships unlade their argosies !
The imprisoned waves, that quite forgot to beat,
Stir to the ocean's pulses twice a day ;
Then, like a dream, the silent-footed fleet
Move to their perfect rest beside the quay ;
And Bristol, through thy fevered nerves is sent
A touch of peace, a sense of calm content.

ONE OF THE TOLZEY TABLES,
CORN STREET.

HERE, where the merchants paid,¹ the packmen
sit !

And here, strange thoughts of other lands were
born !

Cabot, Thylde, Elliott, Frobisher, and Thorn,²
Here to their hopes bold enterprise did fit !

Tolzey, thy table and thy table's wit
Stood by their memories when their sails were
torn !

And hope, for men heart-wearied and forlorn,
Came from the Brazen Letters thereon writ !³
For though their faith was as the stormiest wind,
And creeds were shifting as the shifting sea ;
God's Church was in man's heart, they learned of
thee ;

And God the pillar of a truthful mind !
While they, who reckoned of their vessels' tolls,
Read of Christ's ship, and how he paid for souls !

NOTES TO "ONE OF THE TOLZEY TABLES."

¹ The Brazen Tables, in front of the Exchange, belonged once to the Tolzey, where the merchants assembled, and used them for making payments over.

² On the 15th July, 1480, Mr. Jay, a Bristol merchant, sent two ships of eighty-tons burden to discover, if possible, the coast of Brazil. We are told by a contemporary, "Thylde is Master of the Ships, and the most skilful mariner of all England."

By a patent dated Dec. 9th, 1502, Henry VII. authorised James Elliott and Thomas Ashurst, merchants of Bristol, to go, with English colours, in quest of foreign countries.

In September, 1577, Captain Frobisher, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Philip Sydney, arrived at Bristol from Cathay, with a quantity of supposed valuable ore, which was deposited under four locks in the Castle.

Thorn,—this was the merchant to whom, in 1534, Henry VIII., passing through Bristol *incog.*, said, "This is now the Town of Bristol, but I will make it the City of Bristol."

³ The outer rim of one Table, the gift of White, a Bristol merchant, 1631, is inscribed:—"The Church of the Living God is the Pillar and Ground of the Truth! So was the work of the Pillars finished."

THE DEMERARA'S FIGURE-HEAD.

THE GIANT SAVAGE OPPOSITE THE STONE
BRIDGE, QUAY HEAD.

ILL-JUDGED Ambition, in some fisher's dock,
Lays it's large keel ; the boastful forges glow ;
A people's plaudits hammer blow on blow ;
Haste bends the sail, and Envy rigs the block !
Then, while the simple sailor-maidens mock,
When flattery's tide is at it's highest flow,
With pompous figure-head, and gallant show,
They launch ; and perish on the nearest rock !
So think I, when, in such ill case, I see,
Left-handed Giant, thy prepsterous size,¹
Doomed, with an envious threatening in thine eyes,
To watch these humbler vessels going free !
While they who pass, hold thee their City's shame,
And point a lesson with thine hapless name.

¹The figure-head of the "Demerara," one of the largest ships ever built in Bristol. It was launched from Patterson's yard, about the year 1850, and broke it's back, through failure of the tide, as it went down the river ; this disaster happened opposite Round Point.

"Left-handed Giant," so called from it's holding it's spear in an ungainly manner in it's left hand.

GAMES FOR WORKING MEN.

A PLEA.

Two GIANT temples¹ to the god of corn
On either side the teeming river rise ;
Here, the gold bushels fill the granaries,
There, into silver dust the gold is worn !
“Bread, and the Games !”²—All ye, who laugh
to scorn
The voice that ruled Rome’s harsh communities,
Is this at all a healthfuller of cries,
When “Beer and Labour” from our streets is
borne ?
Hark ! smoky mill and manufactory cry—
“We know not God, if such be Heaven’s plan !
“Drink deep, and drown our cares, until we die !
“We have no hope beyond the drinking-can !
“Tell us no more that happiness is Heaven’s,
“When this sad joy alone our hard day’s toiling
leavens !”

¹ Wait and James’ Corn Stores, and Proctor Baker’s Flour Mills.

² “Panem et Circenses,” the popular cry in the Roman streets in the degenerate days of the empire.

REVIVAL OF THE SUGAR TRADE.
FINZEL'S MANUFACTORY.

AGAIN with plumes the four great towers¹ are
decked ;
And hotly glares the seething boiler's eye ;
Magician fans their curious power apply ;
And the brown whirls² their crystal shapes expect !
With laughter lead the horses stoutly necked !
Let the sweet bales and sugar-canæs go by !
The loud hive hums afresh with industry !
Past are the rocks whereon our hopes were wrecked !
When in their boat thy fathers crossed the main,³
Now shone the moon, now darkened every wave ;
Each time the keelson dipped, new hope it gave
Of that fair land, whereto it might attain :
So when thy vessel dips for dull demand,
Have faith her keel is nearer fortune's strand !

NOTES TO "REVIVAL OF THE SUGAR TRADE."

¹ The spectator is supposed to be standing on Bristol Bridge, looking up the river.

² The centrifugal process is the main feature of this Sugar Refinery. The hot, liquid, brown sugar is poured into a centrifugal machine, which makes more than five hundred revolutions a minute, and in two minutes re-appears as dry, white, shining crystals.

³ Conrad Finzel, the founder of the firm, was drawn as a conscript into the army of Napoleon I., then master of Germany; to escape the service, he fled to Hanover, thence with two companions took open boat on the stormy North Sea, reached Heligoland, from whence he took sail for England. From a poor workman, in London, he became principal refiner in a Bristol house, and opened a small refinery, which was burnt down, on the same site where now stands the present magnificent factory.

WILLS' MANUFACTORY, REDCLIFFE
STREET, THE PORTRAIT GALLERY¹
OF OLD SERVANTS IN.

WELL has the painter given them their reward !
Yea, their own faces do the truth commend !
Their honest purpose, and that purpose' end,
Has filled their eyes, and deep their foreheads
scarred.

Early and late, these servants toiling hard,
For half the days God unto man will lend,
Merged the old name of Master into Friend,
And helped his fortunes in the factory yard.
When love, not need, makes swift the workman's
hand,

Love, not exaction, is the Lord's demand,
Sure unto each the other's aim is known,
And studying this all best conserve their own ;
By God, not man, the whole machine is swayed,
And prospering well, more smoothly runs the
trade !

¹ Upon the walls of the reception-room hang portraits of all the servants who have worked for this firm for a period of forty years.

ON THE QUAY :
THE LUMPER, OR CORN-RUNNER.

GIANT of limb, red capped, and bare of poll,
With arms whereon the swart hairs never grow;¹
He eyes the bag, which, swinging from below,
Demands full measure of the scale-man's dole.
Then, with a jerk and balance, full control
Of the o'erwhelming sack he takes, and so,
His left arm lightly hung, he starts to go
Down yielding plank, and on with easy roll !
We have our corn to run, the daily cark,
Our ship of life brings in at every tide ;
And know where, carrying, we those cares may
leave.
But these, in their strong zeal to disembark,
Have shamed the sloth with which we labourers
plied,
And, head erect, they come new burdens to receive.

¹ Refers to the constant attrition of the corn sacks on neck
and arm.

THE LIGHTS AT THE HARBOUR
MOUTH,

AS SEEN FROM THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

HAVE then thy ships sailed home from foreign
shores

With tropic phosphorescence in their wake,
That, through the night, these sullen waters break
In stars about the gloomy harbour doors ?

Or was the wealth that through the gateway
pours

So wishful, Avon, that thine arms should take
Nuggets of glittering gold for friendship's sake,
Or fee for safe conveyance of it's stores ?

Slow through the dark the cautious steamers glide,
With rosy lights enjewelled,¹ stem and stern ;
And, entering safe their port, on either side
Thank-offering torches shall those jewels burn ;
That all the City's wakeful ones may learn
How much they owe to yonder patient tide !

¹ The coloured lights, which steamers show fore and aft as
they ascend the Avon at night.

OUTWARD BOUND.

SUNDAY, EARLY SPRING.

Loud ring the bells, and brave the shipmen row.
They'll spend their Sabbath on the restless sea !
The taper masts along the woods of Leigh
Glide like a dream ; and, seen so far below,
The men on deck like busy ants do show !
How longs the prisoned mainsail to be free,
And shines and foams the gay, impatient prow !
Dull-hearted¹ woods, and will ye not be gay ?
Can these upon the waves of spring-tide learn ?
Do churlish billows blossom with the May ?
Will foreign seas be green with English fern ?
Or, Spartan, do ye nerve them for the fray
By being, as the waters, cold and stern.

¹ The gloomy hue of the woods in early spring will account for this epithet.

H O M E W A R D B O U N D.

MIDSUMMER.

FLING out your flag, and stow the weary sail ;
The little steamer's consequential hand
Shall lead you gently ; tie the hempen band,
And for the last time tell the mid-sea tale !
Well have ye fought with many a hungry gale,
And late are come unto the wished-for land !
Soon on the cliffs the wives and maids will stand,
With waving kerchiefs shall assure you hail !
Shout, for glad rocks will give you voice again,
As those far-welcoming kerchiefs lend you heart !
The woods shine gorgeous, fresh from summer
rain,
The Blackbirds sing, above the Swallows dart !
Such be the guerdon of your long campaign,
The balm that heals the wounded seaman's smart.

AVONMOUTH DOCKS,
BEFORE THEIR COMPLETION, 1876.

How many setting suns, in vain, shall make
Their golden summons at this harbour door !¹
How many seas shall idly beat the shore,
And urge admittance to yon mighty lake !
Still must the crane unwind, the trolley take,
Spade above spade must scallop out the floor ;
Till, through the rift, shall swim the floating store
To that stone hull no ocean storms can shake !
Then, where the wag-tail shews his dainty ways,
The mightiest ocean keel unharmed shall graze !
Screw-blades will churn where pick and spade
prevail :
And cranes that laid the stone will hoist the bale !
Men shall rejoice, though desert Avon mourn
And burdened vessels sooner reach their bourne.

¹ Refers to the golden pillar of light that the setting sun makes in the water at Avonmouth.

ON SEEING TWO VESSELS (CUTTER-RIGGED) PASS ONE ANOTHER AT AVONMOUTH.

MAN meets with man, and goes in silence by,
Though Death, who walks with either, gives
“Good-day!”

The cattle, meeting in the market-way,
Claim kinship, nose their kind, and pass to die!
Brook unto brook will call it’s pleasant cry:
Buds pass “Good-morn” from hedge to haw-thorn’s spray:

And they, who listen, hear the Wild-Fowl say,
“Farewell,” as through the night their legions fly!
What wonder when these ships together came,¹
Some happy word of welcome should be passed?
And narrowing sky, and jib, and leaning mast,
“A.H.,” in fancy’s lips, “All Hail” should frame?

That, by the initial, as apart they flew,
“United,” from their mainsails’ curve, I knew?

NOTE TO "ON SEEING TWO VESSELS," &c.

¹ Those who remember the shape of a cutter's mainsail, and the rake aft of a cutter's mast, will have no difficulty in seeing how, against the sky, the letters A H seem to be formed by the two vessels at the moment of meeting, and how, as they part, the curve of their two mainsails makes, with the sky, the initial letter U of the word "United."

“THE DYING GLADIATOR,”
BY CTESILAUS.

A CAST IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MUSEUM,
BRISTOL.

So known to death, I cannot fear to die !
Mine arm, thus leaned upon, will ease my pain.
For this alone my forehead doth complain,—
Him by whose stroke in this disgrace I lie,
None other schooled to this shrewd thrust but I !
E'en now I make black Death upon me gain !
I urged my heart's pulse, swelled each ebbing
vein !
Fool that I was, myself mine enemy !
Cheer on, ye careless galleries ! I blame
None but myself ! I only wish for life
To bid my boys choose out some gentler game,
And arm no friend's right hand with deadly knife !
So small a wound to sap such lusty strength !
Gods ! grant I swoon before I fall my length !

EDWARD COLSTON.

BORN IN THIS CITY, NOVEMBER 2, 1636.

Who threw down guineas, but required his pence,
His hands are dust, his purpose still survives,
What God had given unto us he gives,
And generations own his providence !
Hence, Age is honoured, Sailors rest ; and hence,
The gold he brought to learning's busy hives
Feeds a fresh swarm for work; the Scholar thrives,¹
Blessed by the sad-faced man's benevolence !
Each widow—Wife, each orphan called he—
Child ;²
So to the Lord did all his riches lend !
He spake few words ; but though men frowned or
smiled,
Stood by his speech in honour to the end !
So wise his love, that dead they only missed
His homely presence,—true Philanthropist !

¹These are allusions to the Saint Michael's Hill Alms-house, 1691; the Merchants' Alms-house in King Street, 1691; the Temple School, 1696; and Hospital on Saint Augustine's Back, 1708, since removed to Stapleton, which Colston built and endowed.

²When twitted by his friends with his celibacy, Colston would always make this answer: "Every widow is my wife, and every orphan my child." GARRARD's *Life of Colston*.

COLSTON HONOURED;

OR,

TRUE CONSERVATISM.

CONSERVING old by strengthening with new,
A true Conservative to-day we praise !
Who, so his vessel might secure her ways,
Would suit her sails to winds that changing blew !
For helpless age, misfortune's grief, he knew,
With youth unschooled, were waiting at the quays !
Shrines of the soul his gratitude might raise,
And tottering faiths his kindness could renew !
Far-seeing Pilot, teach us so to steer,
And challenge every breeze to fill our sail !
Let Bounty's eye for pauper shoals be clear ;
Her gifts an independent age avail !
Then, not by Doles, we, men unthinking, give,
But in Continued Care shall Colston's memory
live !

ORPHEUS GLEE SOCIETY.

COLSTON HALL.

WELL may thy surly-coloured pipes be still !
How can those lips, as livid pale as Death,
Be sweet as life for colour, when their breath
Has flown for aye ? How can a player's skill
Advantage ought, when a more potent will—
The frosts that jealousy awakenth—
Are chilling those ten thousand veins beneath,
And thy vast lungs with icy numbness fill ?
With passions of a god, an angel's voice,
A heart as various as the rushing wind,
Such ill-tempered influence cannot bind
With human littleness thy loftier choice !
Nay, generous giant, thou art listening
With us, who wonder while these mortals sing !

CORALS AND CORAL ISLANDS.
THE STRIKES.

LECTURE BY DR. DUNCAN, COLSTON HALL,
MARCH 6, 1876.

WHEN we survey thee, through unnumbered years,
Upbuild th' abysmal ruinous sea-floor,
With fringing moles invest the perilous shore,
Toil at thy work, and vie with all thy peers ;
With art unchanged, and hope that perseveres,
Winnow the waters for thy marble store,
Cross-wall each court, and seal each corridor ;
Blind, but with nice exactness frame thy spheres ;
Thy giant purpose, tiniest architect,
Co-operation's worth, the counted cost,
Translate our marvel to profound respect !
Admiring thee, we love thy Maker most.
While they, who famish by their husband's strife,
Point from the Coral's aim—a higher, nobler life.

TO THE
CONDUCTOR OF THE ORCHESTRAL
CONCERT IN COLSTON HALL.

BID by thine hand, now angered, and now laid
With open fingers soft on air, as One,
The grave Bass feels the crook he leans upon,
The Fiddler nods, the varying Horn is swayed,
The 'chelloist questions of the notes he made,
To silver lightning shoots the swift Trombone,
The Fluter's hand gives chace, in monotone
The Drum wakes storm, and sunshine follows
shade.

And musing sad on that harmonious sea,
That rising fell, and waking slept at will,
Clear from the waves of ancient Galilee,
I heard Christ Jesus' message—"Peace, be still."
How ill, thought I, do men obey that rod¹
Which leads creation in one tune to God !

¹ "That rod."—A thought suggested by the bâton of the Conductor.

DR. MOFFAT;

OR,

THE LONDON MISSION MEETING AT COLSTON
HALL, SEPTEMBER 22, 1876.

I HEARD that old Arch-Missionary say,—
“Grant me no Heaven to lose, no Hell to gain,
“But give me youth, I every nerve would strain
“To succour poor down-trodden Africa !”
Hero and priest, albeit thy locks are grey ;
Thy hand, that fear and constant need did train,
That swayed a nation,¹ clutched the lion’s mane,²
And strangled serpents,³ is as swift to-day !
We see thee ward the arrow, frame the plough,
Plead for God’s Peace where chafing warriors sit !
Thine own tongue lost in exile, hardly thou
To our dull prose their poet-words canst fit !
While from the caves, beneath that tower of brow,
Flash the twin lamps Christ’s quenchless love has
lit !

¹ The Bechuanas.

² Dr. Moffat relates a strange adventure with a lioness, whose cubs he had taken up in his hand.

³ This is a reference to a snake story Dr. Moffat tells.

SATURDAY ORGAN RECITAL IN THE
COLSTON HALL.

I saw thy hands ascending and descending
The four white steps of yielding ivory ;¹
And, either side, a sweet-tongued company,
That, bowing, made a welcome never ending,²
Now this, now that, by their own words com-
mending
The skill that taught thee so to touch the key,
And to the palace gate conducting thee,
Where winds and angels were in voice contending !
Ye sons of earth, who climb from high to higher,
Your feet must sound as truly as those hands !
On either side God's glorious portal stands
Clear-throated Faith, with Truth's triumphant
choir,
Men's souls the stops, that thrill at your commands,
Creation's harmony your one desire !

¹ The four rows of keys.

² The stops that move in and out, and so give the notion of bowing, are ranged either side the arch at which the player sits, and which in the Colston Hall organ presents the appearance of "a palace gate."

CHORUS FROM "FALL OF BABYLON."

BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, THURSDAY,

OCTOBER 19, 1876.

" God of our fathers ! " That tremendous cry
Rose not with more soul-strengthening accord,
When proud Belshazzar scorned his captives'
 Lord,

And learned how faith could trample tyranny !
God of our fathers, in like case we lie !
Upon our tyrants loose a stronger horde ! ¹
Our hearts, as one, pass up to Heaven the word,
Oh ! lead us back to our simplicity !
For we are aliens, and our foes oppress !
Drink, and mock-faith, and selfishness are Kings :
But we remember days, that Thou didst bless
With purer manners, and with simpler things.
Our thousand hearts, as one for earnestness,
Mix at Thy Throne with angel chorussings.

¹ Than the horde of Persian conquerors who broke in upon Belshazzar's kingdom. See libretto of Spohr's "Fall of Babylon."

MADLLE. ALBANI,

AT THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL, 1876.

SHALL I go listen to the woods in Spring,
Or whistle to the Robin on the snow ?
Nay, for from other tongues new songs I know,
To other hearts new sympathy can bring !
To those, for memory's swift awakening,
And hint of other worlds, large thanks I owe !
Of this sad earth, thou only canst bestow,
Fresh hope, fresh fancy, by thy carolling !
Enter the willing portals of my brain !
Oh ! enter in ; and thou shalt surely find
Passion to temper, broken will to bind,
Sweet thoughts to wake that long asleep have lain ;
And entering there, though gaily pipe the bird,
Thy voice, swift songstress,¹ shall alone be heard.

¹ The epithet is an attempt to condense in a single word all that is meant by a well-trained, accurate voice, capable of swiftness in its runs and modulations.

THE BLACK HELEBORE (CHRISTMAS
ROSE),
AT DOWN HOUSE.

FIVE butterflies about a cup of gold,¹
That suck thereout such philtres of repose,
Such ecstasies of love-land, that they close
Their wings to dream there is not any cold,
And commune with the enchanting juices hold !
Magician herb, I said, bright Christmas Rose,
December's darling, cousin of the snows,
Your's is the flower for lover's hand to fold !
For though thy petal butterflies shall fade,
Thy strange six-fingered leaves to dust return ;
Who loves, of thee some secret spell may learn,
Thy roots of such cold earth such summer made !
Content to bloom, with no companion by ;
At thine own thoughts to blush, and blushing
die !²

¹ A reference to the five white petals that surround the golden anthers and stamens of the Christmas Rose.

² Before the petals fade they often assume a delicate pink tint.

TO A RED ROSE,
GROWING AT ASHLEY GRANGE.

ONLY at night she wept ; for with the day
Earth's lightsomeness filled full her maiden heart !
In gifts for many she forgot her smart ;
And charming others, charmed her woes away !
Each morn new words her opening lips would say ;
And if with curl of scorn those lips would part,
And if the blood into her cheeks would start,
It was because rude feet had passed her way !
She loved not well the prying daylight's stare,
And fainted pale beneath the great sun's eye ;
But her sweet breath made perfume of the air
When stars peeped out, and modest dews went by !
So in her damask casket kept she close
Her golden dreams of light and love ; my rose !

NAN'S WALK.

A GENTLE slope with welcome ever crowned,
That led us whither open doorways greet,
And, by it's soft assistances, made sweet
A swift departure to the horse and hound !
On either side, the ladies gaily gowned
Rippled the daisies at their velvet feet !
And shimmering fir, and laurels, gave retreat
To birds, that sang the livelong summer round !
There was no need of noisy roadway there,—
O'erhanging Limes their golden gravel lent,
And seed, and glume, and pollen everywhere
Refreshed the wheels with silences and scent !
So many hearts with gladness there had gone,—
The leaves might fall, but still the gay sun shone !

C A R T E R ' S L A N E ,
P O R T B U R Y .

I KNOW a lane where Summer waits for Spring,
And Spring with beauty holds the Summer back !
There shepherds have no need of almanac,
Flowers tell the seasons, hours the Thrushes sing !
Close at our side, a brooklet gossiping
Bids us for ever higher up the track ;
Of sweet May music never is there lack,
Their silent peals the heavy blue-bells ring !
O'er-hanging elm-trees lend perpetual shade ;
Not very far the welcome dew will stray ;
Their broidery on the banks the ferns have made ;
And on the dimpled stones the sun-whirls play !
Cheered by such sight, such soft accompaniment,
Old age forgets how long the lane's ascent !

RUMOUR OF WAR, JUNE, 1876.
KINGSWESTON.

By flash of sun¹ the fearless Roman gave
Those thirteen camps² their signal to beware :
The Latin ploughman left afield his share ;
His flocks for home the Sabine shepherd drove !
Green grows the corn he left us o'er his grave ;
The flocks he reared outside the ramparts fare !
But eyes are strained, and anxious hearts have
care,
Along the hills, that watch the western wave ;
Swifter than cannon's shout, or flash of sun,
Our hearts' alarm from hill to valley run !
What boots it that we banished alien Pan,
That God's white temples prick from yonder wood,
Creed has not changed or Turk or Christian mood,
And still man's chiefest enemy is man !

NOTES TO "RUMOUR OF WAR," &c.

¹ It is supposed that the ancients signalled from height to height by means of mirrors of bright metal flashed in the sun.

² "Those thirteen camps."—In A.D. 50, the Proprætor Publius Ostorius Scapula was appointed general of the Roman forces in Britain. He subjugated and disarmed the Cangi, a Somersetshire tribe of aborigines, and, to prevent revolt, occupied the British camps on the heights of the Avon—*e.g.*, Stokesleigh, Bowerwall or Rownham, and the Clifton Observatory camps. Tacitus tells us "that he maintained authority over the inhabitants on the banks of the Avon and Severn by surrounding them with camps." This he virtually did by occupying or constructing a double line of fortified posts which remain to this day. These, roughly stated, are—Sea Mills, Henbury, Almondsbury, Elberton, and Old Abboy, along the Severn; and Lansdown, Old Sodbury, Westridge, The Drakestone, and Uleybury, farther inland on the Cotswolds. To these latter may be added Wick, Burril, Horton, and Bloodyacre.

GOBLIN COMBE.

If there are hearts that have a grief to tell,
Or lips that yearn some secret to unfold,
Go, bid them leave this melancholy Wold,
And wander down thy dimly-lighted Dell,
What time the acorn quits it's dainty shell,
And elders fruit, and brackens turn to gold ;
There shall they learn, as learned the men of old,
The strange enchantment of the Goblin spell !
For not a wood-note jars the voice of care ;
The winds are hushed at every listening leaf ;
The dumb rocks suit our mood, cold, grey, and
bare ;
And the black yews compassionate our grief ;
And entering in that lone bough-archèd tomb,
Our souls are strong to pass the Goblin Combe !

SCENE FROM SKITTIM HILL,
HENBURY.
IN SPRING.

With what persuasion to unending sleep
Yon mountains lean their arms along the shore !
Seas icy still, as though a sudden frore
Had fallen from Summer skies ; and, yonder,
 peep
Ships with lost wings, who by the greenland keep
Mysterious watch, while prow, and keel, and oar
Have left transfix'd for aye a furrowed score
Upon the forehead of the dead old deep !
Come hearts, whose weary pulses sigh to death ;
Come eyes, whose weary lids are tired of life ;
Sit here, and take, from all the scene beneath,
Some courage for the ceasing of all strife !
Plain, sea, and mountain, in their calmness viewed,
Tell of a Spring begun, a life renewed !

VIEW OF HENBURY PLAIN,
FROM FERN HILL.

Ye kindred spirits of the earth and sea,
Who love the greeny levels of the main,
For ease of foot lies stretched yon even plain,
Enamelled green as spring-tide grass may be !
But if to hunt for Posies ye agree,
White garlands from the sunny waves to gain,
Lo ! daisies flash, where sprung white drops of rain !
Waves break in bloom from tree to hawthorn-tree !
And are ye loath to leave that silver store
The giddy Wye, the solemn Severn yields ;
A larger treasure waits you in these fields ;
Youth, calm, and beauty mingle on the shore !
There, one low tune the shells are whispering ;
Here, echo ranges while the gay birds sing !

INFANCY ;
OR,
GOING TO THE NEW PASSAGE.

AWAY, with shout, the docile engine moves ;
Along the banks it writes it's shadow-name ;
And, where the white smoke frolics in it's game,
Lo ! daisies cloud the grass with starry droves !
Those bars of music that the shrill wind loves,¹
Like these our hearts are dancing ; on we flame,
The racing swallow at our side how tame !
We rush by busy farm and restful groves ;
Now have we gained the burnished Severn Sea,
It's sweet salt breath, it's heady turbulence !
And, on the decks of new experience,
We shake the sails of infant wonder free !
False sands may snatch, the waves of wild untruth
Storm, but our eyes are towards the mountains of
our youth.

¹ The telegraph wires at the side of the railway.

B O Y H O O D ;
OR,
THE FERRY AT THE NEW PASSAGE.

PAST all our fretting, all our strange annoy !
How like to snakes the striped waters gleam !
The lands we leave how beautiful they seem,
How fair the lands we hasten to enjoy !
See, they have bound the waves in their employ !
Borne on the shoulders of the ocean stream,
Careless of sail, the great ships, in a dream,
Glide, as we glide, by shoal and shining buoy !
The steam-winged gods will welcome us in Wales ;
Like a continuous breaker on the shore,¹
They meet, they pass, and to the landing pour,
With news of happy hills, and sunny vales ;
Homeless we are, but flood and sunshine say,—
Our hearts are home, on such a spring-tide day.

¹ A suggestion from the long white waves of steam left by the flying trains, as they moved and met near Portakewet. The rail runs close by the shore, and the railway trains are visible from the steamboat in mid channel.

MIDDLE AGE ;
OR,
AT TINTERN ABBEY.

WHEN, with strict clause and consequential creed,
Men cramped the truth, then, Tintern, it was well
The hurricane of kingly passion fell
Upon thy splendours ! For God's Flower has need
Of light and air ; and, like the thistle-seed,
Must flutter hither, and there pausing, dwell !
Oft self, not Christ, chose out the hermit's cell ;
And lying use, not love, would count the bead !
Grey ruin, with thy Protestant reproof,
The clouds do paint, the stars emboss thy roof ;
For the dead stone, green Ivy, sculptures thee !
God, with His sunshine, now may enter free !
And I, who scent the Daisies as I kneel,
Can thank thy founders, and their purpose feel !

OLD AGE COMING ON;
OR,
AT TINTERN ABBEY.

PEACE, Strongbow,¹ peace ! God rest thee, Walter
Clare ;²
And thee, whose sons did bear thee to thy grave !³
The tended turf has muffled all the Nave,
And tufts of green have carpeted the stair ;
And if we hear not now the hum of Prayer,—
Far oxen's mellow cry, the fall of wave,
The pattering rain, the moan of winds that rave,
Such sounds, of your old lives will keep us 'ware !
No more De Bigod's ⁴ deeds of battle flame
From Storied Panes along the Chancel floor,
For God has filled the Window to His Name
With Cloud, and Mountain, and with sunny Moor ;
And through the open quatre-foils, in Spring,
Where sad Monks chanted, joyous Blackbirds Sing.

NOTES TO "OLD AGE COMING ON," &c.

¹ Gilbert Strongbow, the nephew of Walter de Clare, the founder of the Monastery, died 1149 A.D., and was buried in the Abbey.

² Walter de Clare lies side by side with him, in the Monastery, which legend says he founded to atone for his cruelty in working the destruction of the unhappy inhabitants of the country. Obit March 10, 1139 A.D.

³ Maud, eldest daughter of the Marshall Earl of Pembroke, married Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and afterwards John de Warren, Earl of Surrey; she died in the year 1248, and was buried in the choir. She was carried, dressed in her grave-clothes, and coroneted, upon a simple bier, on the shoulders of her four sons, Rogers, Hugh, Ralph, and John, and laid to rest under the high altar.

⁴ The great window of the choir contained the heraldic achievements of Roger de Bigod, the second founder of the Abbey.

D E A T H ;

OR,

THE LENNOX SPRING, BETWEEN MOSS COTTAGE
AND TINTERN.

HE stood in battle, on the banks of Wye,¹
For Christ his King against the Saxons bold.
Yea ! though the Angel,² yestereve, had told
That three days from the victory he should die!
To Pwll Brochwael the routed Pagans fly,
But he, pale Tewdrig, lo ! his wound is cold !
And swift behind the stags his car is roll'd³
To the fair mead,⁴ where only heroes lie !
Art thou of those sweet sister founts, that burst
In tears along the victor's funeral road,
And where the chariot paused, in pity flowed
To slake the king's, the antlered coursers' thirst ?
Emblem of lamentation's passionate grief,
That gives to sorely wounded hearts relief !

NOTES TO "DEATH," &c.

¹ Tewdrig, or Theodoric, a devout King of Glamorgan, slain in battle in defence of the Christian religion against the Pagan Saxons, over whom he obtained a great victory on the banks of the Wye, near the ford of Tintern.

² "And the Angel of the Lord said to him on the night preceding, 'Go, to-morrow, to assist the people of God against the enemies of the Church of Christ; and the enemy will turn their face to flight, as far as Pwll Brochwael; . . . but thou wilt be wounded by a single stroke in the district of Rhyd Tintern, and in three days die in peace.'"—*Liber Llandavensis, or the Ancient Register of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff.*

³ The "Liber Llandavensis" recounts how the sorely-wounded king was conveyed in a chariot, drawn by two Heaven-sent stags, to a place near a meadow towards the Severn; and how, on the journey, "wheresoever they rested, there fountains flowed," and when the final halt was made, "a most clear fountain flowed, and the carriage was completely broken;" and how the saintly hero, ordering the stags to depart, commended his soul to God, and expired.—*Cf. Lib. Lland.* p. 384.

⁴ Now known as Mathern, near Chepstow, in the church of which place is to be seen a renovated inscription to the memory of the martyred king. In the church, built by his son Mewrig, or Maurice, according to his own directions, he was interred, in the year 600. Maurice also gave the contiguous estate to the Church, and named the place Merthwr Tewdrick, or, "The Martyrdom of Theodorick."—*Cf. Godwin's De Præsulibus Angliae*, p. 593.

CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

I ASK an entrance, and a little child,
Without a challenge, opes the mailed gate !
Where with his booted Squires Fitz-Osborne¹ sate,
The spurred cock struts, the garden flowers run
wild.
Where sweet-breathed ladies from the casements
smiled,
Gay wall flowers peep ! Through towers machi-
colate
Fall the prized straws, while building Jackdaws
prate ;
And Ring-doves coo, where fighting men reviled !
At eyelet holes, the very Yews they bent
Have grown to size, and shut the aim of bow !
The Swallows are the only arrows now !
Unchecked the Ivy storms the battlement !
And while thy tower shades lessen in the Wye,
I question peace, complain for chivalry !

¹ The Castle was built by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, in the eleventh century ; and is spoken of as " Castellum de Estrighoiel " in the Domesday Book.

THE WYND-CLIFF,
ON AN APRIL DAY.

If one should ask where England might be proud ?
I'd set him here, upon an April day ;
And he should see the Wye forget her way,
And wander back ;¹ should watch the far seas
ploughed

To fruit by merchant keels ; and cloud on cloud
Make islands in the Severn with their play ;²
Sun, wind, and rain, mix seaward in affray ;
From land to land th' assuring rain-bow bowed ;
Should feel the might of these full-blooded Yews,
The rocks that wrestle with them, and their thews ;
Airs breathed of Primrose, crystal from the showers,
Should fan his bunch of Blue-bells and Wind-
flowers ;

The Wren sing every sorrow from his brow ;
And he *must* thank his God, as I do now !

¹ The Wye here takes a sharp turn back upon itself in horse-shoe fashion.

² The clouds with their dark shadows make as it were islands in mid-Severn.

THE MOSS COTTAGE,
AT THE WYND-CLIFF.

HIGH standing on that verge of Paradise,
I asked for some assurance of the Fall ;
There was no sin, nor any grief at all,
In that grand amphitheatre's surprise !
Then from the trees beneath did smoke arise,
Blue opaline, a vapoury coronal,
That crowned with peace some cotter's woodland
 hall,
Where Mortal toils to eat and sleep, and dies !
Emblem of ill, and messenger of good ;
Unthankful heart, and eyes that so repine !
Man knew not labour in his Eden-hood ;
But fallen, oh ! how beautiful this sign !
For, though the day be hard, it's message brings
Tales of home-fire, glad meals, warm evenings !

ON DESCENDING THE WYND-CLIFF BY
THE STEPS TO THE MOSS COTTAGE.

As down the cliff delightedly I stept,
My feet cried out—a trespass had been done !
For here were sights the Falcon knows alone !
Here, silence since the earth's volcanoes slept !
Where only Moss-Elves dared to run, I crept !
I watched the Yews' grim battle with the stone ;
Surprised in caves, for me dew-diamonds shone ;
In tinkling grots the hills unveiled wept !
Love, born of reverence, took me by the hand,
And gave me heart ; new meanings filled the air ;
These wild things trusted me, and were more fair,
They spoke to me, and I could understand !
A new Wye rolled it's lesson through the land ;
New eyes, new feet were on that mountain stair !

TINTERN ABBEY.

WHERE orchards bloom, and morning pastures
steam,
Beggared by storm, and man's inconstancy,
A ruined Temple on the banks of Wye
Lifts, like the sweet unfolding of a dream ;
An aged harp, that plays an ageless theme !
Above the ground where knight and abbot lie,
Still in the choir the wind makes melody,
And full of song the chantry cloisters seem !
Sing, for the river has the words by heart,
" To serve a purpose, and to pass away ; "
So all the hills, that sentinel thee, say ;
So mean the happy Swallows as they dart !
Man, fretful, with the Bible on his knee,
Has need of such sweet musicker as thee !



TYNDALE'S PILLAR,
AT NIBLEY KNOLL.

THOU, by whose generous hands the clasps were
riven,
Which sealed from faltering men God's easy
Word,
Which marred with intricate human knots the
cord,
And bound men earthward, while it strained for
Heaven !
Well was such prospect to thy memory given
Where Severn fills with light the thirsty ford,
And gives the dewless lands her pearls to hoard,
And rests the sails that have been tempest-driven !
For thou to shoals by casuistry concealed
A full safe flood to God's vexed vessels gave ;
Brought light and dew upon the silver wave,
With that—the pools, with this—refreshed the
field !
Wherefore to-day, of right, thy pillar stands
A glorious presence to the sea and lands.

THE DRAKESTONE EDGE.

OH, where is Heaven more near, the earth more
fair !

About their pools the quiet farmyards lean,
Elms canopy the flock, the Hawthorns screen
The fresh young Wheat, and every rippling square
Proclaims man's toil and God's continual care :
Like a long pearl the Severn shines between ;
And black and busy, from the hills of Dean,¹
The mines send forth their meaning to the air ;
Walls fence the farms, trees fence the fields'
increase,
Sails watch the land, and mountains watch the
sails,
High over head Heaven's solemn guard prevails,
And God, Who governs all, proclaims His Peace ;
While, with the old earth's miracle of youth,
Tyndale, thy tower bespeaks that God a God of
Truth.²

NOTES TO "THE DRAKESTONE EDGE."

¹ The smoke from iron and coal works in the Forest of Dean is distinctly visible from the Drakestone.

² This tower commands one of the most extensive views in Gloucestershire, and was erected to the memory of Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament. He preached from the stone pulpit in College Green, in Bristol. He suffered at the stake for his generous opinions. His Testament, the first ever printed in English, is dated Dec. 25, 1525, and is now in the Baptist Museum of this his native City.

BERKELEY CASTLE.

THE moat is dry, the drawbridge solid stone ;
Green pear-trees spread their peace upon the walls ;
Now, children roll the harmless cannon-balls !
And hangs in dust the casque and habergeon !
Ask not the silver battle-piece¹ alone ;
The knived chariot, where the rich grass falls,²
And the blood-red valerian recalls,
Berkeley, what deeds of vengeance thou hast done !
Enter the Keep ; down let the lanthorn swing,
It's simple light burns dimmer as for shame !
Hear how his one friend, Death, forsook the King !
And was a bitter subject when he came !³
Then feel, 'neath Heaven, no worser thing is known
Than brows too weak to bear so strong a crown !

¹ In the hall is a silver centre-piece, representing the Battle of Hastings, with the Danish prince, Harding, side by side with the Conqueror in the moment of victory.

² An allusion to the mowing machine at work in the meadows below the Castle.

³ Edward II. was placed in the room, still shown, over the dungeon, where were thrown putrefying carcasses of animals ; this not hastening his death, he was murdered, under circumstances of atrocious barbarity, by Gournay and Maltravers, on the night of September 21st, 1327 ; his screams awoke the whole village.

W A R L E I G H ,

NEAR BATH.

LAWNS laid for Fancy, Vales for Memory's feet !
Our eyes must pass, our spirits still may stay ;
And hearts, that ache in alleys far away,
May hear thy mill-wheel's comfortable beat !
Hands, feared of man, shall touch and not unseat
Thy doves ; feet soft with love not fright away
The hare ! Thy venerable trees shall sway
Their cool and quiet down the dusty street !
Warleigh, the barge no more may loose its sail ;
The road forsake thy garden terraces,
The engine, crackling down its curve of rail,
For ever furl it's snow-white flag of peace ;
But through the sun and shadow of thy vale
Shall roads of Thought, and Fancy's lanes
increase !

THE BRISTOL MISSION OF 1877.
ON HEARING THAT FUNDS WERE NEEDED FOR
THE COMPLETION OF THE CATHEDRAL.

LET Self be hushed, let Christ alone be heard !
“Whom shall I send ?” Lord God, send everyone !¹
And let the Powerful Myriads at Thy Throne
Touch “lips unclean,” and strengthen feet that
feared !
Then shall a Pure Cathedral be upreared ;
Love shall select, Repentance fit the stone !
By the New Song of hearts in unison
Shall God, in simple beauty, be revered !
With their New Master, Factory-men shall find
Their labour Pleasure, that before was Pain ;
The pale Wives smile, though words be still
unkind ;
And meat shall fill the Children’s mouths again !
While, in that Soul-Cathedral, Peace shall bind
Hearts, that apart have made their zeal in vain !

¹ Isaiah vi. 5-8.

OLD CLEVEDON CHURCHYARD,
WITH STEEP AND FLAT HOLMES IN THE
DISTANCE.

WHERE Hallam rests upon his hillside green,
An arm the black land puts to sea, and there
Two isles are lifted, separate, and sheer ;
With constant watch the Severn moves between ;
On this one, silence evermore hath been ;
From that, by day the cannon's voice is clear,
At night, a star to vessels far and near,
The crimson-headed light-house tower is seen !
Ye rock-built monuments that stand apart,
One, dark and dumb, one, loud and lit with fire,
Emblem of those immortal friends ye are !¹
Death's waters flow betwixt ye ;—one, his heart
Is hushed ; one's love is loud,—his words of fire
Shine, through grief's night, a pure memorial
star !

¹ Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, whose friendship
“In Memoriam” records.

TENNYSON AT CLEVEDON.

He missed the salt fresh eastern airs that blow,
The mills that toss their white arms in the wind ;
His father's ashes he had left, to find
That urn of hope where Severn's waters flow.
Here, for his pipe, his native reeds might grow,
But not so sweet ! A stranger to his kind,
An alien to his love and peace of mind,
An exile still, his friend lies dust below !
Then to sad eyes thy cottage gave reproof,
Thy cottage,¹ Coleridge, by the western sea,
It's simple chimneys, and it's gable-end :—
For he remembered there, his garret-roof²
Hid in thy whispering poplars, Somersby !
And the lone poet found in thee a friend.

¹ Coleridge's Cottage, in build of chimney-stack and roof, reminds one strangely of Somersby Rectory.

² Charles (now Charles Tennyson Turner) and Alfred Tennyson wrote much of their early poetry in a little garret-room, at the western gable-end of the Parsonage at Somersby, Lincolnshire.

THE THREE PICTURES OF ST. JOHN
BAPTIST, IN THE BILLIARD ROOM
AT LEIGH COURT.

I saw how wrought by Santi's dark-eyed son¹
The Boy forerunner of his playmate learned ;
And near, that hand for which the Muses yearned,²
Old Vinci's pride, had set the Man Saint John ;
Lit in his wilderness communion.
How like a torch his arm uplifted burned ;
That torch to ash, Murillo, thou hast turned !
Hard by, the charger, and the Head thereon !
“All flesh shall see”—the pale lips seem to say—
“Our God's salvation !” swum in blood and gold,
“It is not law, I tell thee as I told,
“My words shall hound thee to the judgment
day.³
“Christ, by the stroke in black Machærus' hold,⁴
“Thy messenger has but prepared Thy way !”

¹ Raphael.

² Leonardo da Vinci was from early to middle life famed for his musical skill.

³ Saint Mark vi. 16-28. How the deed haunted the conscience-stricken Herod Antipas is well set forth in verse 16.

⁴ Machærus (Makaur), the castle fortress on the western cliffs of the Dead Sea, in which John was beheaded, was, from its colour, called by the Rabbis the Black Fortress.

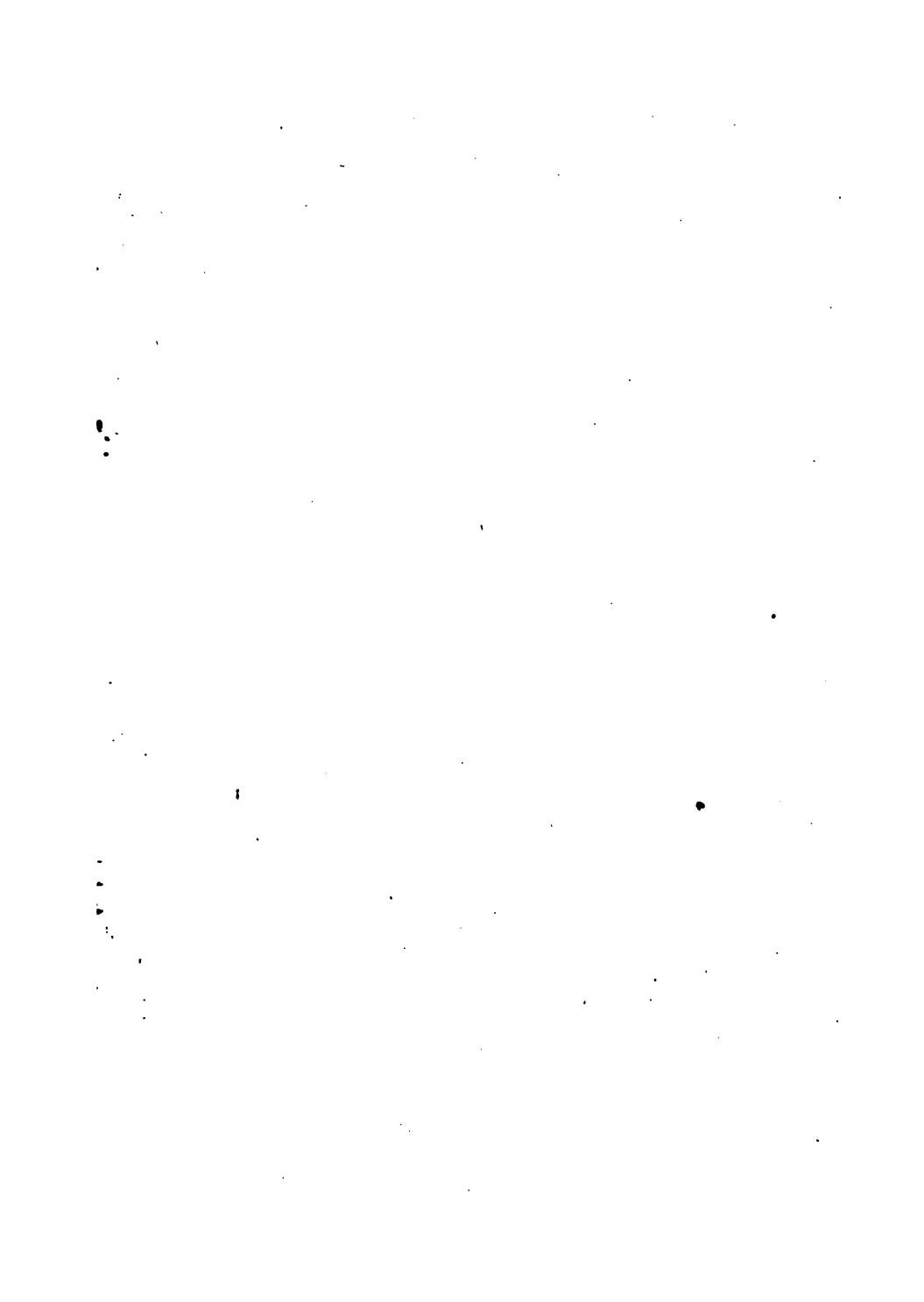
THE OPENING OF THE AVONMOUTH DOCKS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

GREAT future generations thronged the Quay !
Stood on our decks the mighty merchant Dead !
As to that prisoned ocean-flood we sped
And shouts proclaimed the open water-way.
Nor universal cheer ! for on this day
An ancient City sinks !¹ so Fancy said,
Its temples prayerless, halls untenanted !
Cranes idly drooped, warehouses in decay !
Avon, thine uncomplaining breast no more
With silver arrows shall the rude keels break ;
Thine arm, that thankless did for centuries take
Our ships, may rest as in the days of yore ;²
Another City at thy mouth we make,
Hence send our fortunes, here expect our store !

¹ Bristol.

² Bristol as a port of great consequence is not known in history before the tenth century ; but in Belgic-British and Roman times, there is evidence of it being of note.





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